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THE BYSTANDER November 29, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, November 29, 1939 No. 1876. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

Maureen O'Hara Flits the Centuries

This Irish girl with the chestnut hair and green eyes was first spotted for the films on a cross-Channel packet from Dublin. One thing led to another, and eventually to the lead opposite Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier story of eighteenth-century smugglers, *Jamaica Inn*. That was the last picture Laughton made in Europe before leaving for Hollywood to work for R.K.O. Radio in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. On his recommendation, Maureen was called over to take the lead opposite him once more in Hugo's story of fifteenth-century Paris, and that led to the lead in a twentieth-century piece, a new version of Clemence Dane's *Bill of Divorcement* (in an earlier version of which Katharine Hepburn made her debut). So Maureen O'Hara, the girl who started in amateur theatricals, now ranks as a star of magnitude. She is nineteen

The Board of Admiralty: *these twelve men exercise the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom, an extinct title now vested in the Sovereign. They are (round from far side) Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary; Rear-Admiral Burrough, Assistant Chief of Staff; Vice-Admiral Sir A. R. M. Ramsay, Fifth Sea Lord; Rear-Admiral T. S. V. Phillips, Deputy Chief of Staff; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord; Sir J. S. Barnes, Deputy Secretary; Mr. Churchill, First Lord; Sir R. H. A. Carter, Secretary; Admiral Sir C. Little, Second Sea Lord; Rear-Admiral B. A. Fraser, Third Sea Lord and Controller; Rear-Admiral G. S. Arbuthnot, Fourth Sea Lord; and Captain A. U. M. Hudson, M.P., Civil Lord (total salaries, £35,325). Other notable features in the room are pearwood carvings of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century nautical instruments by Grinling Gibbons over the fireplace, Queen Anne wind-dial, grandfather clock made about 1697, portrait of William IV. (Lord High Admiral, 1827-8)*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE sudden havoc caused by the German indiscriminate sowing of mines brings the paravane back into the limelight. The paravane was Commander Burney's beautiful and simple invention which saved thousands of tons of shipping during the first world war. Now it is to be fitted to all merchant ships, and later on will be provided for any neutrals who want it. It is interesting to remember that the Admiralty, between 1915 and 1917, fought as doggedly and almost as successfully against the paravane and the convoy system as the War Office fought against machine-guns and tanks. There were no mines at Trafalgar, nor barbed-wire entanglements at Sebastopol, so why worry about these newfangled dodges?

THE *Daily Express* has trotted out the secret weapon of that eccentric genius Admiral Cochrane, and says that no one ever fathomed it, and that no one has ever got an inkling of the appalling horror. Actually, everybody has known for years what it was. It was a design for letting loose clouds of sulphur on a favouring wind against the enemy—the first suggestion of a gas-attack, in fact.

THERE is no doubt whatever that the German espionage system in this country is working at high pressure and with extreme efficiency. A small incident which took place in a Wiltshire village the other day—simply a matter of lending greatcoats from a railway company to a regiment—was accurately reported three days later by the Berlin wireless. Whether or not this sort of thing helps the Germans is a matter of opinion, but no one can deny that the organisation is in full swing and working very smoothly.

THE Postmaster-General has declined to consider a suggestion that old-age pensioners should get their wireless licences free. It does seem a little ungenerous. The B.B.C. is now running, as we all know to our cost, only one programme, and yet the revenue must be at least as big as it ever was. Even allowing for the very large engineering expense of transferring the B.B.C. to their secret hidy-hole (which only they and the Germans know), there must be a very large surplus nowadays of revenue over expenditure. The old-age pensioners have precious little to live on and precious little to amuse them, and the cost of giving them free licences would be small.

IT has been announced in the House of Commons that soldiers are not posted to combatant units unless they can see reasonably well without spectacles. This is exactly the opposite of the last war when anyone was accepted who could see in glasses, even though he was practically blind without them. The territorial regiment which marched up and down beneath my window in the early days of this war contained a very high percentage of bespectacled recruits, and I must say I wondered at the time how they were going to manage in gas-masks. The new decision seems to be a wise one.

WHEREVER I go I hear stories of uneven working of the petrol ration. A certain traveller for a firm of engineers, engaged on work of national importance, used to average four thousand miles a month, which, in his small car, required about a hundred and ten gallons. He now gets twenty-six gallons. A wealthy and busy barrister, who lives in Sloane Square, and who works in the Temple and at the Privy Council, and

(Concluded on page 249)

First Birthday

The World's Youngest Royal Family Celebrates its Youngest Member's Entry into Her Second Year

Princess Ferial of Egypt celebrated her first birthday on November 17th in the Royal Palace at Cairo, was photographed looking serious with her parents and looking gay on her own. Her father, Farouk the First, Egypt's second King, has had something big to celebrate every year for the last three; 1936, his accession (April 28th); 1937, his majority (February 11th); 1938, his marriage to Sazi Naz Zulficar, now Queen Farida (January 20th), and the birth of Ferial. This year the nineteen-year-old monarch of Egypt, Nubia, Sudan, and Darfour is doubtless congratulating himself on the negative fact of having kept out of Europe's war so far. He has not, however, concealed his sympathies, the concrete proof of this being the recent Anglo-Egyptian agreement on co-operation for the defence of Farouk's realm

King Farouk, Queen Farida and Princess Ferial of Egypt

Ferial Has a Strong Personality Already

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Turkish Ambassador

Dr. Tewfik Rustu Aras was appointed to the Turkish Embassy in Portland Place in February of this year. He took up what was to prove one of the most significant posts in the London diplomatic corps without knowing English. That has now been fully remedied. Dr. Aras is one of the select body of doctors who from administering the particular have changed to the general, from medicine to politics. He entered the National Great Assembly as deputy for Izmir (Smyrna), became friends with Ataturk and fought throughout the Turkish War of Independence (1918-22). In 1925 he was made Foreign Minister, and he held the job for thirteen years, travelling almost incessantly, not only to Geneva, but also through the Balkans in pursuit of his policy of "appeasement." He was looking forward to the more static Ambassadorship as a rest. Apart from being static, it has certainly been no rest. Dr. Aras, spare, vivacious, highly cultured, has had great calls made on his vitality. His country's Treaty of Mutual Assistance with England and France had its repercussions on his work. Then the Turkish Military Mission arrived for a six-weeks' visit, to be replaced last week by economic delegates with enormously important questions of trade and financial collaboration to discuss. The Ambassador broadcast recently on the inauguration of the B.B.C. news service in Turkish, which has been warmly welcomed in his country

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 246)

goes straight home every evening to Sloane Square, is getting forty-three gallons a month.

MR. WEDGWOOD BENN made one of the best speeches in the House of Commons that have been made since war was declared. In it he made a number of admirable points, the best, perhaps, being his comparison between parliamentary procedure and totalitarianism. "Victories have been won," he said, "by great warriors, but Parliament has played its part and it is playing it to-day. When the Prime Minister told a very full and quiet House that we were at war, no one shouted 'Sieg Heil!' Instead, the Speaker rose and said, 'The Clerk will now proceed to read the orders of the day.'"

I YIELD to no one in my admiration of Mr. F. W. Thomas and his "Cockeyed Corner" in the *Star*, but I must take exception to his poem about Goering, in which he compares that stout gentleman to Gilbert's Duke of Plaza-Toro. The Duke, you will remember, "led his regiment from behind, he found it less exciting." Whatever one may say about Goering, it is at least admitted universally that he was a first-class fighting airman in the celebrated Richthofen squadron.

SURELY it is time that those ludicrous posters were taken down from the hoardings. At one moment we are asked to join A.R.P.; at another we are asked to enlist in home defence services; at a third we are asked to contribute our savings towards the ultimate victory. And all the time these idiotic posters assure us that Our Resolution, Our Courage, Our Cheerfulness will win the war. All we have to do, apparently, is to resolve most bravely to stand about in the streets and shout with laughter.

ON opening last week's BYSTANDER, I found to my delight that I have a new colleague in Mr. Douglas Reed, for whose books I have a deep admiration. Having duly discharged this bouquet of orchids, I feel free to say that I strongly disagree with him over Mr. Churchill's use of the word "Huns." The only difference visible to the naked eye between the Nazis and the soldiers of Attila is that the latter did not know how to blow up women and children by indiscriminate mine-laying.

WHILE the Allies are fighting on the Hun Front — and, in spite of Mr. Reed, I say it again — the battle on the Vandal Front still continues unabated. The Air Ministry is reviving its proposal of 1930 to build a bombing range just below the White Horse on the Berkshire Downs. This, I think, is the worst threat so far, even including the Air Ministry's threat to Stonehenge many years ago. The White Horse *is* England in a curious sort of way. Chesterton wrote a sonnet to a landlord accused of neglecting one of England's White Horses. The last six lines were:

Can you not even conserve? For if indeed
The White Horse fades, then closer creeps the fight
When we shall scour the face of England white,
Plucking such men as you up like a weed,
And fling them far beyond a shaft shot right
When Wessex went to battle for the Creed.

MY favourite entertainment in London, the Players' Theatre Club, has, I am enchanted to hear, moved back this very week to its old quarters in Covent Garden. Its many patrons who regard the lift in the building with the gravest suspicion (and rightly), and who wondered what would happen in the event of an air raid, will be reassured to know that the proprietors of the building have constructed a magnificent air-raid shelter immediately underneath. And one thing is certain. However narrow the stairs are, the audience will be able to get into the shelter much more quickly than a German aeroplane can get from the coast to Covent Garden. Incidentally, the Players have done so well since the war started that the management has actually been able to raise the salaries of the artists by nearly a hundred per cent.

A NEW theatrical venture which sounds interesting is the Actors' Company. A group of actors and actresses have formed a co-operative company and have taken the Rudolf Steiner Hall, just off Baker Street. Prices will be cheap—six bob maximum. *Great Expectations* is the first play, and December 5th is the first night. Martita Hunt, William Devlin, and Alec Guinness are in the cast. It looks like an enterprise that is worth supporting.

LAST week-end I had my first experience of that ancient method of transport, driving in a pony-trap. It had its advantages and its drawbacks. On the advantage side it required no petrol and the jolting was extremely good for the liver. On the other hand, it poured sheets of rain all the time, and small boys barracked heavily as I went rattling past, and I was thankful that Mr. Wyndham Lewis, that precious little literary trinket, was not in the streets of Oxford watching.

TALKING of that little trinket, I don't expect him to believe this story. In fact, I don't expect anybody to believe it. But it is true all the same. The other day I saw Miss Beatrice Lillie in the Ivy Restaurant eagerly scanning the pages of *Punch*. I asked her what she was doing, and she replied that she was looking for jokes for her new revue.

THE Cambridge Rugger Captain, trusting to the old-world chivalry of his rival (and also, let us add, trusting to his simplicity as well), pulled off a venerable trick the other day. The two Captains were telephoning to each other about the unofficial Rugger match which is to be played this year. The question was at which University was it to be played. The nimble-witted Cantab told the Oxonian to spin a coin at his end of the telephone, and he, the Tabby, would call at his end. The guileless student of the classics fell into the trap, and too late realised that honour would forbid him to announce that he had won the toss, even if he actually did win. The crafty child of the exact sciences emerged, therefore, the winner, and the match is to be played at Cambridge.

***C.-in-C.** of the Canadian military headquarters in Great Britain is Brigadier Henry Duncan Graham Crerar, D.S.O. He came over here at the end of October with his namesake, T. A. Crerar, Canadian Minister of Mines, who heads the Canadian delegation to the Empire war conference. Brigadier Crerar is fifty-one, was Commandant of the R.M.C., Kingston, before he left Canada. He is married, has a son and a daughter*

***C.-in-C.** of the Allied Forces, General Maurice Gamelin, was photographed when he was in London ten days ago with M. Daladier. They came over for the meeting of the Supreme War Council after which the enormously important statement was made on common action by England and France, not only in the field of battle on land and sea, but in the air, in munitions and raw materials, in oil, food, shipping, and economic warfare*

· PEOPLE

Wedding : the Hon. James Craig, Miss Tatchell

Clerks : the Hon. Grania Guinness, Miss Borenius, Lady Broughton

The Polish Ambassador broadcast an appeal for cheques and clothing for the Polish Relief Fund. Three voluntary helpers acknowledging gifts were Grania Guinness, daughter of Lord Moyne, chairman of the Fund's executive committee, whose Grosvenor Place house is its headquarters ; Clarissa Borenius, daughter of Dr. Tancred Borenius, the Fund's secretary-general ; and Lady Broughton, wife of Sir Delves Broughton

The Hon. James Craig, elder son of Viscount Craigavon, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, and Lady Craigavon, and Angela Fiona Tatchell were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tatchell, of 29, Barkston Gardens, S.W.

Major Kermit Roosevelt, recently naturalised British, has been gazetted second lieutenant in the Middlesex Regiment. He is the son of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, fought with the British Army until America came into the last war. Winston Churchill was one of his sponsors for naturalisation

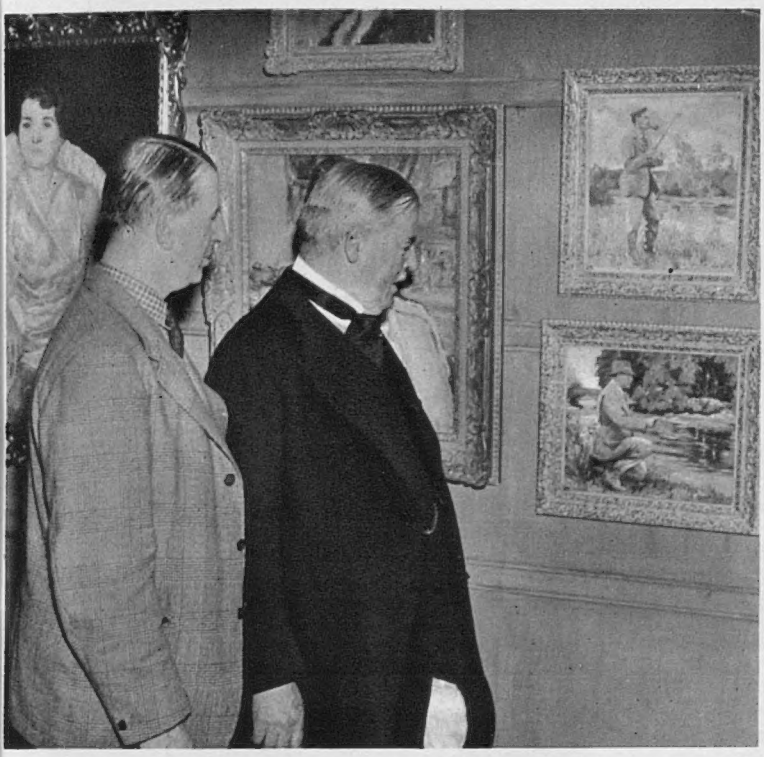
Soldier : Major Kermit Roosevelt

Wedding : Miss Minchin and Mr. Rank

Joseph McArthur Rank is the eldest son of the late Rowland Rank, and Mrs. Rank, of Aldwick Place, Sussex. Pamela Lauri Minchin is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Minchin, of Olaston, West Weybridge, Surrey, and Christchurch, N.Z. They met when his office was evacuated to Cobham, became engaged in October, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Wedding : Capt. Graham, M.P., and Mrs. Marion Orpen

Captain Alan Crosland Graham, M.P. for Wirral since 1935, is the son of Sir Crosland Graham, of Clwyd Hall, Ruthin, North Wales, was formerly Private Secretary to Viscount Hailsham as Leader of the House of Lords, is an archæologist. His bride, whom he married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, is Mrs. Marion Orpen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. du Plessis, of Cape Town



Artist and Model: Bernard Adams and Lord Harmsworth

Bernard Adams' fishing picture of Lord Harmsworth is on show in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries. Lord Harmsworth, whose "Who's Who" recreation is fly-fishing, received his title in the last New Year Honours; he was formerly Cecil Bisshop Harmsworth, and is the brother of Viscount Rothermere and the late Viscount Northcliffe

New Ambassador: Sir Ronald Campbell in Paris

Sir Ronald Campbell, the new British Ambassador in Paris, arrived there with Lady Campbell three weeks ago. Here he and his wife were buying a programme from Josephine Baker at the reopening of the Paris Opéra. The occasion was a gala in aid of the women's ambulance section of the French Red Cross. Sir Ronald Campbell was previously Minister in Belgrade

New Ambassador's Wife: Signora Bastianini and Her Children

Signora Vittorina Bastianini, the wife of the new Italian Ambassador, arrived in London last Sunday week with her elder son and daughter, Lucio and Maria Louisa. For the moment her younger children, a boy of seven and a girl of two, are remaining in Rome. She found her new home looking its usual decorative self, as Signor Bastianini had rehung the Embassy's collection of pictures which in September had been stored against air-raids. Signor Bastianini took up his post in mid-October

Harrow Headmaster: Mr. A. P. Boissier

The housemaster of Moretons has been appointed Headmaster of Harrow to succeed Mr. P. Vellacott when the latter becomes Master of Peterhouse at Christmas. Mr. Boissier has been at Harrow since 1919, became housemaster of Moretons, which he will retain as Headmaster, in 1929. He is a mathematician, was a Soccer and hockey Blue, is nicknamed "Boss-eye." His daughter married last May David Gordon, son of Lord Dudley Gordon, heir-presumptive to his brother, the Marquess of Aberdeen

1. The first restaurant charity-party of the war was held at Quaglino's in aid of the mobile canteens run by St. Peter's Kitchens. An all-star cabaret performed to a packed room. Douglas Byng (above) was at his stateliest—and most suggestive

Charity Party

A Dinner and Cabaret in Aid of St. Peter's Kitchens (Mobile Canteens)

Clare Luce, just back from her concert-party visit to the B.E.F. in France, organised the all-star cabaret for the St. Peter's Kitchens gala evening. Mrs. Scott-Dorrien, who founded St. Peter's Kitchens and has now turned her organisation to equipping mobile canteens for the troops, had the satisfaction of seeing Quaglino's packed to its uttermost limits in aid of her cause

Photographs by Swaebe

2. Alice Delysia (from "French for Love") and Vic Oliver (from "Black Velvet") auctioned two cans of pre-war petrol and wangled the not inconsiderable sum of £25 out of the bidders for these precious antiques

3. Sir John and Lady Blunt (she was Heather Harrison-Broadley) were a young married couple who went together

4. Miss Susan Sutherland, whose young sister, Anne, was a 1939 debutante, was with Mr. P. P. Jeffreys

5. Squadron-Leader Gillan, D.F.C., looked admiringly at his neighbour at supper, Clare Luce, who was the shining-eyed chief star of the evening

6. Lady Hopetoun, wife of Lord Linlithgow's heir (she was Vivien Kenyon-Slaney before her July wedding), is with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garnett and Mrs. Robin Wilson

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

"Black Velvet" (London Hippodrome)

JUST as there are shows for gallery girls, so there are also shows for girlery boys. And this is, emphatically, one of them. Mr. George Black, the De Courville de nos jours, or de cette guerre, has applied the multiplication-table to beauty, achieving an answer that will be hailed with whoops by the troops as O.K. with knobs on. He begins with "The World's Loveliest Girls," and then works up to the principals, of whom Roma Beaumont and Carol Lynne might almost be described as one star multiplied by two. And, as in the case of a recent George Black show at the Palladium, the climax of Part One is the descent of the whole bevy into the parterre, to engage in a rather constricted polka up and down the aisles with those members of the audience who have the courage of their predilections. "That's all," cries Vic Oliver at the end of it, "what more can you expect for a shilling?" So, you will see, it is all very free and easy, though we haven't yet got as far as kissing.

ANOTHER repetition from the same recent Palladium show is a sketch first performed by professionals and then repeated by two members of the audience—or are they? I always suspect the bona fides of any man who ascends the stage from the stalls without taking his pipe out of his mouth, while the lady in the case was almost too pretty and acquiescent to be believed. The sketch chosen this time is one often performed by Nelson Keys in a slightly different version. It requires that the two victims from the audience shall be seen in bed and interpolates one joke so daring that I nearly fainted to think that the Lord Chamberlain must have considered certain jokes he has excised from my own sketches even more so. But it is a great success, and ever so much better than one of its predecessors, consisting of five lines and a black-out so sumptuously produced in period costume that one guesses the production to have been originally designed for something else which went wrong and which, the money having been splurged, the producer couldn't bear to waste.

PEACHES apart (in some cases remarkably well peeled), the mainstay of *Black Velvet* is Vic Oliver, who delivers his instalments of wisecracks on the easiest terms, and is such a good compere that he often quite eclipses what follows. But what nightly rouses the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and rightly so, is the recollection of Marie Lloyd afforded by her sister Alice, who has so many of that marvellous artist's tricks, though not her genius, at her fingers' ends that the past seems to be with us once again. The Café Royal scene in which she appears is, it must be confessed, a little difficult to assimilate. A Master of the Ceremonies in the costume of the 'sixties introducing to an audience in the costumes of the 'nineties a Vesta Tilley in a costume she never wore at all when she sang "The Army of To-day's All Right," in 1915, leaves one wondering why they didn't throw in a few Elizabethans and Crusaders and things. But the show being for audiences who swallow things whole, this goes down with the rest. Nothing but Hitler could prevent the success of *Black Velvet*—and he, moreover, will be partly responsible for it.

Max and Harry Nesbitt in dark harmony

Rajah of Jazz: Teddy Brown

Leading ladies: Carol Lynne, Roma Beaumont, Pat Kirkwood, Iris Lockwood

Sketches by Rouson

The big man of the show is Vic Oliver; Cyril Smith assists him (as Gus Elen)

Films of the Day

A Mexican Tragedy

By George Campbell

Hollywood producers are reported to be economising like mad. When the big boys have cut their stars' salaries, if they can, and their own, if they will, they might think a bit about stories. Why pay colossal sums to the novelist and dramatist for material that will mostly be thrown away? Why give Stefan Zweig £10,000 (or whatever it was) for his life of Marie Antoinette, when it may be said, on good authority and without breach of copyright, that the facts of the poor girl's end are already leaking out? The world is full of exciting stories; and most of them cost nothing. When did a scenario writer ever invent anything half so thrilling as the tracking down of the deadly anopheles mosquito in *Yellow Jack*? Or the scientist's conquest over public ignorance and professional jealousy in *Pasteur*? Or Alexander Graham Bell's heroic struggle against hunger and discouragement before he spilled acid on his leg and his yell of pain was transmitted to his assistant along a copper wire?

Perhaps Hollywood is beginning to see this, dimly. Both the new films are historical—and by historical I don't just mean that the players are in fancy dress. Neither *Juarez* nor *Rulers of the Sea* would satisfy a pedant, but the variations from history are not ludicrous, as they often are: they preserve the outline of a man, the shape of events, the spirit of an age. *Juarez* may prove too faithful. Even Hollywood didn't dare take too many liberties with events so recent and familiar, and, history or no history, a story that ends with loving husband facing a firing squad, and loving wife as mad as a hatter, will shock the sentimental to the core.

Few royal stories in modern times have been so dramatic and so pitiful as poor Maximilian's and Carlota's. William Dieterle tells it well. We see the hoodwinking of Maximilian von Hapsburg by that bourgeois dictator and gold-plated four-flusher, Napoleon III., ambitious to gain a foothold in the New World; the faking of the plebiscite in Mexico; and the simple man's acceptance, at his wife's urging, of a mission he believes to be from God.

Maximilian had a good heart and charming manners. He would have made a perfect ruler for a little German State, or, if he had been English, a model lord of the manor, subscribing to charities, presiding at court, and setting an example to the villagers. In a Mexico torn between a few rich landowners—some eighty of them owned four-fifths of the country—and a hungry, bitter peasantry snatching desperately at the crumbs of hope thrown to them by Juarez, he had about as much chance as a nice sheepdog in a cage of snarling tigers.

Brian Aherne, with hair parted in the middle and mutton-chop whiskers, plays the Emperor with a smiling benevolence that smacks a little of smugness. Soon, though, you come to like him, and even to believe in the genial firmness of his refusal to sanction the slaughter of rebel peasants and the seizure of their lands. Maximilian, like many another ruler, had to choose between ruthlessness and surrender. He could employ the French army of occupation under Bazaine in a war of extermination, which might at least have kept him in the saddle until pressure from the U.S.A. forced Napoleon to the inevitable withdrawal; or he could abdicate. He did neither. His vain, silly little wife persuaded him that in Mexico lay his destiny; and when he did sanction terror, it was too late to do anything but deepen hatred and make his own doom sure. Deserted by the landowners and by Napoleon, he might still have saved himself by flight. But behind those luxuriant whiskers, those mild and kindly eyes, was a spirit surprisingly heroic. He would not leave his officers; and so, by a strange twist of fate, a descendant of the greatest royal house of Europe died violently amid the cactus and the savagery of the New World.

I disliked Bette Davis's Carlota, dramatic without dignity, hysterical without real force, devoted to her husband, yet sparing a half-flirtatious glance for the captain of the guard. Paul Muni, cleverly made up, plays the relentless liberator, Juarez, with power and distinction; John Garfield endows Porfirio Diaz with his own youthful truculence; Donald Crisp makes a credible Bazaine, torn between duty and liking for the master he half-despises; and at least one of the minor roles—that of an Indian general whose name I forget—is played memorably well. Best of all are the atmosphere shots—a vulture rising from the palace gates as Maximilian and Carlota arrive, sudden irruptions of violence in sleeping village streets, peasants watching mass executions with faces that tell nothing and tell all.

"Rulers of the Sea": Margaret Lockwood, Will Fyffe, Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr.

Paramount have picked up one of the most dramatic gratuitous plots of real happenings in their story of the conquest of the Atlantic by steam, and have done well by it. Frank Lloyd, Glasgow-born producer of "Mutiny on the 'Bounty,'" was in charge, his cast was headed by Scottish Will Fyffe, English Margaret Lockwood, and Douglas Fairbanks, junior. These three and some realistic reproductions of ships of the Sirius period (called the Dog Star in the film) carry the honours. Reviewed here. At the Plaza

"Rulers of the Sea," less ambitious, is better entertainment. The story of the conquest of the Atlantic by steam is rich in humanity and humour, and there is plenty of excitement in the little Dog Star's battle with scepticism and storm, with the engineers feeding masts, chairs, and even beds into the furnaces when the coal is all gone. Will Fyffe and Margaret Lockwood both make hits in their first Hollywood picture, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., acts better in every film.

Pictures of "Juarez" were in last week's issue, November 22nd, page 241.

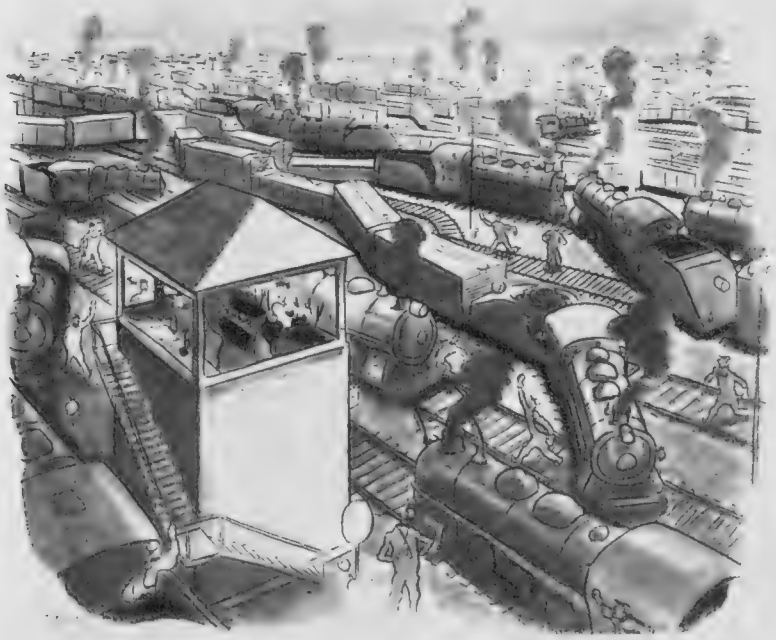
"I beg your pardon"

"Say when"

"New Yorker"

Four Jokes from the 1940 Album

Last week arrived from the United States their biggest push-on of our side to victory since the revision of the Neutrality Act. Like the lifting of the arms embargo, the *New Yorker* joke may be first of all an American affair, but it certainly has European percussions favourable to us. *The 1940 New Yorker Album*, just published by Hamish Hamilton (12*s.* 6*d.*), containing the concentrated observations, laconic, irreverent humour, and merciless wit of fifty-four artists, is a pretty strong tonic. Peter Arno, Thurber, Soglow, old English favourites, are among them. Less well known but well worth knowing are the four whose work we illustrate here: R. Taylor, direct descendant of Edmund Lear; Richard Decker, train-lover; Mary Petty, brilliant mocker of her sex; and Hoff, who comments pungently on the elder brothers and sisters and cousins of Steig's "Small Fry"



"Do you ever have days when everything seems to go wrong?"

"Now don't kill it by looking anxious"

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I'm afraid you've come at rather a bad time to see over the Line, Dad. We've got slight artillery activity on the top floor to-day"

"Mass-Observation" is observed by the "Bystander"

The study and polling of public opinion is nothing new to that liveliest of the great democracies, the United States. There for many years they have had their Gallup polls, their *Literary Digest* straw-votes, their *Fortune* surveys; and every great question is canvassed this way and that until the representatives of the people in Washington know in theory just what they've got to do. Plainly, in a state where the people rule, or is said to rule, the impartial recording of that people's opinions is desirable, if not essential. "Mass-Observation," first in England of this class of organisation, and first anywhere of its own peculiar genus, records more than sections of public opinion. It aims at future anthropologists as well as historians. On this and the next two pages the *Bystander* shows organisers of "Mass-Observation" and some of their work

TOM HARRISSON is one of the two men who had the idea for "Mass-Observation" and put that idea into practice

The young man lolling on his couch above and dictating to his secretary on the right is Tom Harrisson, twenty-eight, who has brought up in the right job after a very short experimental period. Son of a General, he started as a biologist-explorer, lived for two years with cannibals in the Pacific island of Malekula, where he learned, he somewhat naïvely says, that they were "at least as nice as the people he was at Harrow with." That gave him the idea, not a new one, that anthropologists were worrying too much about primitive and distant races, should turn round and study man at home in the British Isles. But Harrisson, instead of confining himself to saying what should be done, decided to do it. He came home to a Lancashire town that his organisation has now made into Worktown, their typical industrial centre in the provinces. There he worked as navvy, grocery assistant, lorry-driver and ice-cream vendor, getting a line on the raw material of his idea. Finally appeared a letter in the "New Statesman" suggesting the organisation of just what was in Harrisson's mind, signed Charles Madge (see next page). Harrisson contacted him and the two of them without delay started observing, helped then by two whole-time and twenty part-time observers. That was early in 1937. The pictures on this page were taken in Harrisson's big-windowed office in Holland Park, where can be seen some of his sideline, a collection of china and antiques, particularly of the early XIX. century. ***[Continued overleaf]***

Photographs by Tunbridge

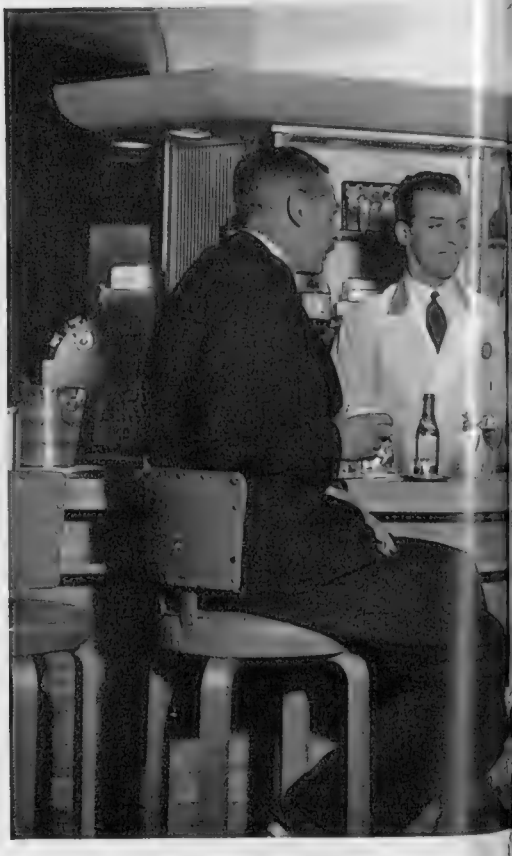
CHARLES MADGE is the other founder-organiser of "Mass-Observation"

The man at the typewriter, Charles Madge, is the same age as his colleague Harrisson—twenty-eight. Born in South Africa, he combined, up to 1937, the distinctions of being a reporter on the "Daily Mirror" and of making a considerable reputation as a poet—with works in Yeats', Oxford, and other anthologies. His letter to the "New Statesman" (see story on preceding page) was his link with Harrisson, and together the two have organised "Mass-Observation." Madge's job is to run the "National Panel" of two thousand part-time observers. These people are partly subjective, that is, they "observe" themselves, but they also report on their families' and friends' reactions to any subject. The 19 whole-time observers are strictly objective

"Mass-Observation" (Continued)

Into the Mitre *in Holland Park Avenue, Hughes penetrates after an exhausting day of observation, but his thirst is still one for information. Below, he interviews one of the editors (in cap) of the wall newspaper in the Mitre, in which figure cartoons which have struck the editors' fancies, pictures of prize-fighters, Hitler, and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor*

A full-time *observer takes up his beat along which is said to have cost over £40,000. It is working: he watches and counts thousands of much. As a control, the results are compared and class being recorded. Plainly, the observer much anyone else is interested in anything?*



In the Hyde Park Hotel *as well as in the M Buttery. Humphrey Pease (left) is an ornithologist for "Mass-Observation," recording and sending in The subject on which the unsuspecting barman was taken was the bomb that missed. The first of an organisation like this to begin on, was the Ed between their tabulated findings on mass-opinion that first struck Harrisson and Madge. "Mass-O occupation, but a political necessity. "Britain," a Pe first two years' work, has now sold nearly 200,000 in many languages. Branches are developing in*

arding, one of whose posters is part of the Government's brilliantly appealing campaign, report for the Government on the effect (if any) of these red posters that the observer is e passing the hoarding, records how many looked at "Freedom is in peril," and how results given by a similar watch on commercial posters, the relative interest by age, sex jectivity is bound to affect some figures, for who can say, from a glance in a street, how observer is Alec Hughes, graduate of Liverpool University, and an expert on jazz (sic)

Photographs by Tunbridge

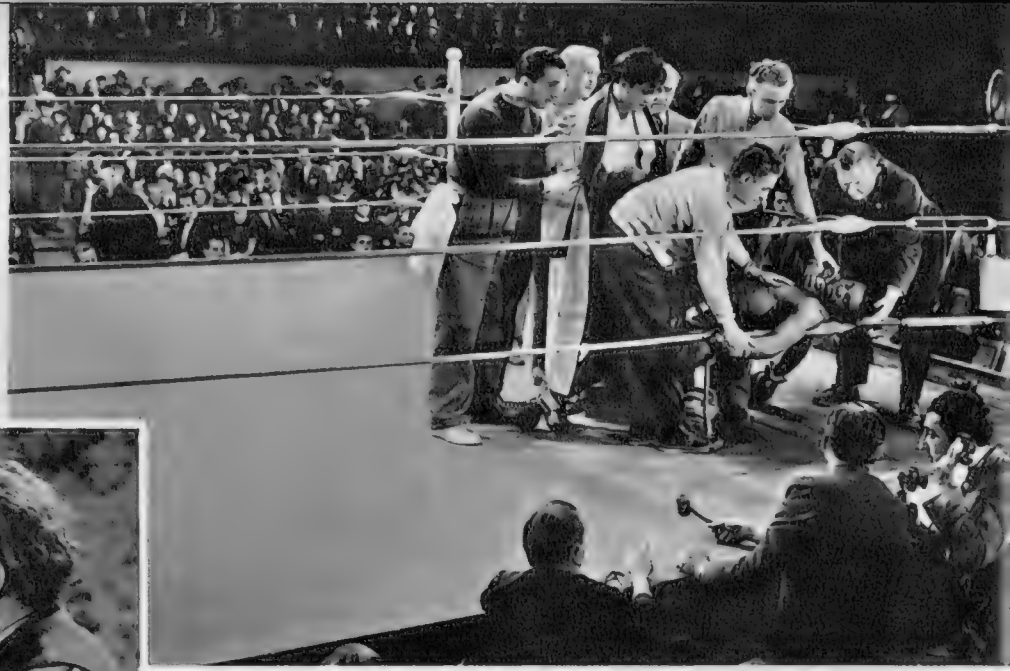
***Interviews** as well as observation are part of Hughes' check-up on the Government's red exhortations. Passers-by are asked, when they have passed, how much of the wording, colour, and layout of the posters they remember. Interviews with a good many working people have revealed, say "Mass-Observation," that phrases like "Freedom is in peril," have quite failed to register, that most think "might" is a verb and not a noun, that "resolution" to most means only something to do with the New Year*

e, "Mass-Observation's" sleuths are at work, here in the d amateur painter, and has now turned part-time observer l he hears between a London flat and a Norfolk cottage. Pease's brother were airing their views when this picture Mass-Observation's" subjects, and a good meaty one for d VIII.-Mrs. Simpson affair. It was the total variance l newspaper-cum-politicians' statements on mass-opinion ervation" looked then like being not only an enthralling guin Special summing-up much of "Mass-Observation's" pies, and the association's results are already published tralia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada and France

***In the tobacconist's,** despite a red notice warning the garrulous about spies, Nina Masel, a part-time observer and keeper of the shop, has excellent opportunities for gathering opinions and reactions. It is the thought that in bus, club, lounge and public bar an opinion expressed (perhaps in heat or in fun) will be taken down against you even though anonymously, that raises difficulties for and even dislike of "Mass-Observation's" work. Though observers have instructions never to "hear" any remotely confidential matter (including, of course, military intelligence), they do not always escape the epithet "spy." That is inevitable if there is to be any correlation of what, individually, is private, but what, in a mass, becomes public business*

"Golden Boy"

Columbia show their version of Odets' Group Theatre play after fourteen months' preparation: at the Regal



The end *of the Golden Boy's boxing career comes when he kills the Chocolate Drop*

The beginning *of the Golden Boy's career as a violinist should be when his father, old Mr. Bonaparte, presents him on his twenty-first birthday with a violin on which he has spent a hard-saved £300. But the Golden Boy hates to be dependent on his father throughout a long training, sees in boxing a short cut to money (William Holden, Lee J. Cobb)*

The Boy's family *consists of Sister Anna (Beatrice Blinn) and old man Bonaparte. On the left is Anna's husband, Siggie (Sam Levene) part of the humorous relief of the film*

In vain *his father remonstrates with him that his present game is not only wasting time but ruining his hands for the fiddle. Note that throughout his boxing career the Boy keeps his attractive turned-up nose intact. In the middle is a trainer (Don Beddoe)*

The picture on the left shows the climax of the story of the young man with the artist's soul who tries to short cut to fame by prize-fighting. Led by ambition to a semi-crooked manager he gets his big fight at last but kills his man. His revulsion at this causes him to throw up the game and return, it is implied, to music. Note the boxing correspondents telephoning from the ringside

He swops managers in the middle of the stream when the money-lust has fairly got him, going over from his first boxing pal, Moody (Adolphe Menjou), to the smooth-tongued Fuseli (Joseph Calleia). Lorna (Barbara Stanwyck), the girl he has taken from Moody, tries to restrain him (below)

IN March 1938 Columbia bought film rights in Clifford Odets' Group Theatre success, "Golden Boy," which as a play made a fair impression in London in autumn, 1938 (it ran two years in New York, three months here). Following the publicity naturally accorded to this purchase, there came a well-advertised "world-search" for the actor to play the name part and, after interviewing "hundreds of would-be 'Golden Boys,'" the director, Rouben Mamoulian, spotted his man in the background of somebody else's screen test. What he was looking for was the physique of a boxer and the "sensitivity" (Columbia's word) of a musician needed by the fiddler-pugilist created on the London stage by Luther Adler: this he found in twenty-one-year-old William Holden, an unknown who stepped thus in front of plenty of established youthful talent. Meanwhile the other parts were assigned and four script-writers were at work on assimilating Odets' play into a film scenario. They have changed the end: in the play the Boy goes out for a ride with Lorna (see opposite page for her) and they both get killed. This detail has been omitted in the film. The result of Columbia's concerted efforts, which reached the set in April 1939, is now on the screen for judgment at the Regal

Captain Vandeleur and Miss Bury-Barry

Captain Joseph O. E. Vandeleur, Irish Guards, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs C. B. Vandeleur, and Felicity Bury-Barry, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bury-Barry, of Elvington Hall, York, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Douglas Burbidge and Pamela Frances (Bobby) Savory were married at the Savoy Chapel. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burbidge, of Ewell, Surrey. She is the youngest daughter of Sir William Savory, Bt., and Lady Savory, of Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks, and 38, Westbourne Terrace, W.2

Mr. Burbidge and Miss Pamela Savory

Four Weddings

Mr. Thomas Clyde and Miss Elizabeth Wellesley

Thomas Clyde, Royal Horse Guards, is the son of W. P. Clyde, of New York, and Mrs. Allan Kyle, of 25, Montagu Square, W.1. Elizabeth Wellesley is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley, of 3, Chester Terrace, N.W.1, and a niece of the Duke of Wellington. They were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street. Lord Gerald Wellesley, who is on active service, got leave to give his daughter away, and her brother, Valerian Wellesley, who is also in the Blues, was best man

Mr. Agnew and Miss Ruth Moore

Godfrey Agnew, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Agnew, of Tunbridge Wells, and Ruth Mary Moore were married at the Brompton Oratory. She is the eldest daughter of Captain Charles Moore, of Mooresfort, Co. Tipperary, and 46, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, who is the King's racing manager. Her mother, the late Lady Dorothie Moore, was the Earl of Denbigh's daughter. She served with great gallantry as an ambulance driver in France during the last war

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I can't tell his warbling-note from his all-clear"

"MACON" coined like a flash by the *Daily Express*, the vivacious little witch, to describe that mutton-bacon which will soon be the Briton's principal breakfast-fodder, seems at first sight unfortunate, since it is also the name of one of the most estimable *vins fins* of Upper Burgundy; though we take it your pronunciation would enable the waiter to decide which you were asking for. Rather nervously the citizenry seem to be eyeing allusions to the new delicacy at present, though they 've been assured in print more than once that the rugged aborigines of Scotland esteem it highly. Robert Lynd devoted a thoughtful essay to the matter last week, in the course of which he practically accused the populace, in his charming, gentle way, of being a lot of yellow rats for not facing up to the prospect with more zest. However, we shall soon know the worst. One or two bacon-curing firms are now experimenting, and the result can't possibly be less delicious than that 1917-18 war-bread, which, old bread-eaters say, was like soft, grey, glutinous india-rubber, winding itself slowly and adhesively round the viscera and staying there. Civilians when complaining of this bread, as they did most of the time, gave the troops an unfriendly look, being well aware that the front line got its hot French rolls and crisp Viennese loaves carried up every morning with the China tea and cold game-pie and other things we used to have for breakfast.

As a newly-enlisted civilian ourselves, and feeling our position keenly (as the papers used to say about members of the upper middle classes up for embezzlement or forgery, till it dawned on Fleet Street that what looked like dejection was probably modest pride), we feel it will be time to start beefing when we have to eat the inhabitants of the Zoo, as the Parisians were forced to do in the siege of 1870. Having lately seen a vegetarian devouring one of our toughest booksy girls with his eyes at a party, we feel it can't be such an ordeal as they pretended.

"I'm rather worried about Fifi—she's had no experience of air bombardment at all"

Sanctions

FOR lighting a cigarette indoors by an unshaded window during the blackout, a chap has been fined. You can light a cigarette in the street, but not in a house, because this is liable to attract German bombers. Furthermore, you can be bawled out by furious air wardens and possibly haled before the beak for showing a chink of light one inch wide in some remote part of rural Sussex, but a Government department in London needn't shade its windows at all to speak of. Similarly, if you live in Mayfair or Kensington your windows must be completely blacked out, whereas if you live on the South Coast sea-front you needn't bother so much, as we noted last week-end with interest at Eastbourne, where a cosy glow from two or three windows facing the Channel showed lurking enemy submarines, if any, that not all the citizens of that burg believe all they read. Moreover, the bonfire question is not yet settled. In some parts of the country the police on detecting the tiniest bonfire by night begin woundily to swell and rage and boom and threaten. In other parts it is argued, as a chap argued recently in *The Times*, that in the event of a raid, a few bonfires dotted about waste land would usefully draw the enemy's bombs (they think). Evidently these conflicts of taste and opinion will settle themselves *ambulando* when bombing really begins. If the enemy would only let us know what kind of things fool him and what don't it would be a help also.

Once or twice in the last war he was pretty decent that way. For example, a big tree not far from an advanced British gun position, serving as an observation post, was blown up one dark night by an enemy shell. Feverishly they rushed up the camouflage experts, who before dawn had stuck up a cast-iron tree resembling its predecessor quite wonderfully (they said). Next day this was blown up as well, and shortly afterwards a message was received from the enemy gunners saying, more or less, "We didn't much mind the tree you had before, but the one we blew up last night was a pretty lousy effort, don't you think?" This annoyed the camouflage chaps, who are touchy, but showed at least a willingness on the enemy's part to lay cards on the

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 263)

table and indicate likes and dislikes. The great flaw in the argument for bonfires, incidentally, seems to us to be that any airman who mistakes a bonfire for anything else must be either totally bottled or very, very polite.

Pet

TIRED of cuddling monkeys, Miss Lamour, the Hollywood Jungle Queen, has insisted on having a new film-script purged of scenes in which she had to fondle a chimpanzee ; which shows that, except in Bloomsbury, simian embraces pall on a girl sooner or later. Rich women in Mayfair gave up monkey-cuddling in the Edwardian era, and kept poets instead. Sickening in due course of poets, who were not very cleanly and were often fractious and intemperate, they discarded them and went in for more exciting pets, like lemurs and jaguars. This angered the poets extremely and they wrote a lot of bitter verse against women and riches, which, they said, were a curse. Nevertheless, an old poet once attached to a wealthy Edwardian Society woman's establishment spoke to us of his experiences with horror. He had to wash and shave every day. He slept in the attics, ate with the scullions, and was admitted to his patroness's presence twice a day, after tea and after dinner, on which occasions he had to be amusing and spiritual, and was expected to entertain the guests by discoursing on literary topics, and reciting newly-composed verse. He was frequently bitten by the many pet dogs and parrots who resented his presence. He had to keep strictly sober (except on Fridays, when he had a half-day), and had 5/- a week pocket-money. When off-duty he had to help with the boots and silver and run errands for the butler. "This," he said, "was no life for an old Harrovian, a Balliol man, and a Newdigate Prizewinner. In the end I approached my insolent patroness and respectfully signified my desire to terminate my appointment. She struck at me with her fan and said, 'Dog, do you abuse my charity ?' Her footmen then threw me into the street, since when," said this poor old poet, wiping his eyes, "I have sunk deeper and deeper into degradation, and am now, God help me, a journalist."

Contretemps

MEMBERS of the Peerage are so rarely hanged nowadays that the sale-boards we saw last week outside Horselunges Manor, near Hellingly, East Sussex, stirred a romantic memory. It was in the park of Horselunges, a fifteenth-century moated grange, that young Lord Dacre and three chums, having drink taken, fought Sir Nicholas Pelham's gamekeepers one night and killed one of them, for which all four playboys were hanged at Tyburn by order of Henry VIII., though the Privy Council had refused to prosecute. The affray took place in what is now Field No. 746 of the Ordnance Survey, and being a Sussex ghost, which "won't be druv," as the local saying is, Lord Dacre now stubbornly frequents not the scene of the crime, but the leafy shades of Hurstmonceux, some miles away.

Those few British ghosts who still carry on a losing rearguard action against the Internal Combustion Engine and the B.B.C. (which was harrying one of them recently, with much refined waggery but no success) deserve admiration. They 're plainly of tougher fibre than the fairies, of whom the charming old lament says so truly :

> But since of late Elizabeth,
> And later, James came in,
> They never danced on any heath
> As when the time hath been.

Case

SIR JAMES PURVES-STEWART, who announces that Hitler is a paranoiac, is the third or fourth eminent specialist to launch this interesting diagnosis on the world since the war began ; and even the first time it was not particularly hot news to anybody who has ever read Slogger Freud. The Slogger, as a matter of fact, goes further and connects paranoia with dementia præcox, which may also be Hitler's trouble. Dementia præcox implies, in addition to megalomaniac illusions, persecuting "voices," tantalisation by curious animals unknown to Science, chatterbox periods succeeded by long dumb spells of morose inactivity, and periods of extreme physical violence calling for muscular attendants and padded cells. Maybe the German General Staff has a few burly bouncers and male nurses at hand each time those important consultations with the Fuehrer are announced in the Nazi Press ? We shall know after the war, when all the generals start publishing their memoirs. Meanwhile we feel Sir James is rather unscientific in lumping contemporary dictators all together and speaking loosely of "their" hysterical speeches. Only one of them fills that bill, as everybody knows who knows anything about the others.

Diagnosing the case of Dictator Oliver Cromwell, *né* Williams, were he alive and in power, would be a wee bit awkward for leading British psychiatrists, we imagine. That emotional oratory, that constant habit of weeping, for example—or perhaps they 'd turn out to be indications of a fine old bulldog temperament, who knows ?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"You vos in a hole, ja—but vere is Fritz?"
"On Fritz I stand"

"Lady Into Fox"

Sally Gilmour in Andrée Howard's Brilliant Ballet

Lady Into Fox was produced by the Ballet Club at the Mercury last May, and has filled that little theatre as often as it was performed there. Now it can be seen in the larger but still intimate setting of the Duchess Theatre, where a Ballet Rambert season opened last Tuesday. The dance fantasy which Andrée Howard has based on David Garnett's famous novel, and set to Honegger music (with décor and dresses by Nadia Benois), is a brilliant and original little work of art. The transformation of Mrs. Tebrick into a vixen, first tame and playful, then wild and tormented by captivity, is beautifully worked out, and is made dramatic and moving by contrast with the husband's bewilderment and grief. The choregrapher has found an astonishingly apt and sensitive vehicle of expression in Sally Gilmour. Her youthful eagerness of movement and mime are disciplined to the stylisation of her part: she is as supple, darting, graceful as an animal, and conveys perfectly the bewitched unawareness and inhumanity of her changed state. This young dancer, Scottish by birth (her father is a doctor in Singapore), has been trained by Marie Rambert, and has danced at the Ballet Club for two and a half years. This is her first season in leading parts—she has appeared successfully as Andrée Howard's Mermaid — and *Lady Into Fox* is her first creation of a big role

Photographs by Anthony

Sanity Fare

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

By Douglas Reed

War Chiefs in Situ: Mr. Hore-Belisha made his second visit to France during the war at the beginning of last week, spending two days with Lord Gort and returning through Paris for talks with Ministers there. The Commander-in-Chief and the War Minister are up-line here, inspecting above-ground digging and below-ground positions

Subtle Simon

How the years rolled back when I saw that picture of Sir John Simon chatting, in his most intimidatingly jovial mood, with flying officers at an R.A.F. mess somewhere in England! Nearly twenty-five years ago I was a flying officer, at a mess somewhere in France, and a visitor came, took tea and chatted jovially with us—Simon. He had resigned from the Government rather than vote for conscription, and, strange but true, was become a Major in the R.F.C. for a while before returning to the Councils of State.

And here we are, here we are, here we are again. The moral of the story is that time and the R.A.F. fly.

All Quiet on the Western Wall

My special military informant, one de Bunker, suggests that the makers of the West Wall (or Siegfried Line) were so Germanically thorough that they forgot to put a sally-port in it, and that the German Army during these past weeks has been vainly looking for a way out.

Anyway, I am happy to recall that I disbelieved another acquaintance of mine who, five weeks ago, had heard direct from one of our Highest Authorities that the great German attack on Belgium and/or Holland impended immediately. All the Nazis I ever knew believed that when The Day came, and if Germany had not been able to split France and Britain, Hitler would sit tight behind the West Wall and wait for them to attack him. That was the very meaning of the West Wall—to make Germany an impregnable fortress.

Immurement!

But the stronghold has become a prison! Hitler is walled-in, so much has the outlook changed to his disadvantage. The Germans are far from realising this yet, and we may still have long to wait—but his end, as Führer, is now indelibly written on the wall. That does not mean the end of our troubles or problems, or peace. He might still order The Great Offensive, but then only one of two things could happen. Either his generals would feel themselves unable to withstand a man still worshipped by millions of Germans, and attack; in which event immense slaughter would ultimately be followed by a German collapse. Or they would feel themselves strong enough to disobey; but in that case they would still have the mighty German Army intact, and they would want, after Hitler's abdication, to use it to hold Hitler's territorial gains and as a bargaining factor in a deal with the West.

"We're Off"—Delayed Action

I do not believe in that attack. But even Hitler's Germans will in time notice something wrong if their soldiers continue to sing in the radio every night, "Wir fahren gegen Engeland!" ("We're off to fight England"), and nothing happens. Incidentally, *Engeland*, with one "l" or two, in my day in Austria also meant "Kingdom come," and "We're off to kingdom come" is not a good theme-song, perhaps, in the circumstances.

The Puns of the Dutch

May I digress a moment to pay homage to the Dutch newspaperman who, at a foreign Press luncheon in London, made that master-pun about the Ministry of Information: that the newspapermen there were buffeted, if not from pillar to post, at least from peer to peer, though he would not say de pire à pire. I never heard but one to rival it, namely, the one about the lady who asked a shipping company if they could promise her a *birth* on a certain ship, and was answered, yes, but they could not guarantee her against mal de mère.

The Netherlanders are born wits, and are multi-lingual. I remember the audacity of another Dutch newspaperman who once spoke at a foreign Press banquet in Berlin, at which the guest of honour was Chancellor Brüning, due, as all present knew, to be overthrown at any moment by the intrigues of Franz von Papen. Parodying the famous German saying about paternity, Max Bloxijl remarked blandly: "Kanzler werden ist nicht schwer, Kanzler sein dagegen sehr"—and Papen's subsequent career showed how right he was.

Watching them eat: when Sir Kingsley Wood went down to visit a fighter aerodrome not far from London recently he took his colleague from the Exchequer with him, and Sir John Simon sat "chatting in his most intimidatingly jovial mood" (see article above) with young R.A.F. pilots over their lunch (but not his)

Those War Aims

THOUGH the war is young and peace distant, the clamour about the "war aims" continues, often dominated by the cry of "No second Versailles," which is generally used by people who would be well-meaning if they knew what they meant and who do not know what the Versailles Treaty contained or what they object to in it.

I would hazard the opinion, as a man who saw both the war that made the Versailles Treaty and the truce that broke it, that in its most important part—the new frontiers it traced—it was one of the best treaties Europe ever had; that war came as soon as these were allowed to be upset; and that the next peace will be no peace unless approximately similar frontiers are restored (but with two Germanic States) and the strength maintained to prevent any violent alteration of them.

Working parties, *those old bugbears of the poor b——y infantryman, are again in full swing digging up mud in France. Above, in the shadow of a clump of trees, men of a Scottish regiment, still wearing the doomed kilt until they are issued with battle dress, are reinforcing a narrow reserve trench with props and wire netting. Everywhere is mud and water, and, as "The Times" neatly put it, "the men expecting to find danger have found damp"*

Bohemian Tragedy

THIS paragraph should be printed in a black border, for the tale of Czech suffering is worse than all the others. The man who has been let loose on the Czechs—the German "Secretary of State" in the Protectorate Government, Karl Hermann Frank—is one of Hitler's earliest henchmen, a crossbred, criminal type, a hulking one-eyed fellow of repulsive appearance. He ranks with Heines, Streicher and Röhm, a sadist of the lowest order.

This man still apes the early Hitler as he strides about Prague with a riding-whip, attended by a bodyguard of S.S. huskies. If he has his way he will make massacre on massacre—for in captive Bohemia those rules of chivalry do not apply which German submarine commanders are ordered, from deference for American opinion, to show on the high seas. Imagine the ghoulish joy with which this criminal maniac, borrowing the "defenestration" method from a three-hundred-year-old page in the history of German-Czech quarrels, had the aged Mayor of Kladno thrown from a fortress window—because a German policeman had been shot, as it afterwards transpired, by a German bullet.

As I write, my newspaper tells me that Hitler has summoned the Protector—save the word!—of Bohemia to report. Neurath, by the way, can also mean "new counsel," and I hope that von Neurath, cold and cynical man though he is, will prevail on Hitler to send Frank to join Röhm and Heines.

Goering's bag *after the recent raids on the Shetlands appears to be summed up by the picture: four enemy bombers dropped twelve 500-lb. bombs on the islands, recording hits in the sea, on top of a hill and on moor; in one of the craters of the last-named was found a dead rabbit. This is poor work for the German Field-Marshal, who used to hunt bears and wolves in Poland before he turned on the inhabitants*

What of the Czechs?

I HOPE I am wrong in feeling that the Czechs are being kept at a distance, that a trace of the old, inexplicable, unwise unfriendliness towards them still clings to Whitehall. The Polish Government has been recognised; the Polish leaders have been received in the highest places; the Polish Legion has been formed. Why are the Czechs seemingly kept at arm's length? They are among our most valuable allies and among the first of our responsibilities—for they would have fought a year ago if we had not told them: "If you do that, you will bear the guilt of this war, and we will not raise a finger to help you."

Events have shown that that was wrong. I cannot forget that, only two years ago, I saw Czech ex-soldiers, in *British* uniforms, marching behind Masaryk's coffin; that only nine months ago Bohemia, in all adversity, was still, without rancour, trying to build a brave new world, and was friendly to an Englishman.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The World Goes By

IF the reporting of golf is to be intelligible after the War, one thing is certain. Here and now I must begin keeping some sort of register of changed names. The rate at which players progress from the Girls' Championship to the ranks of married women is slightly bewildering at any time; during the last three months it has been shattering.

Hardly had the black-out become operative before Margaret Halliday, who was competing a few years back, and made her debut for Middlesex II. last spring, became Mrs. Hugh Burn Andreae; Brenda Norris, who was semi-finalist in the English in 1937, two years after the same good performance in the Girls', has now become Mrs. John Beer, and now the latest news is that Miss Rosamund Morgan is engaged to Mr. Bayford Bennett, who at the moment is an A.B. in one of H.M. Yachts on coastal patrol. The wedding is likely to be soon.

Miss Morgan never won the Girls' Championship, but she and her brother were a familiar pair there, and her golf seemed full of promise. Then, like many other promising players, nothing more seemed to happen for a year or two. She was runner-up to Miss Phyllis Wade, who is Mrs. Wyllie now, and a member of the W.R.N.S., in the Hampshire championship of 1935; she seemed set for a medal more than once in the English, but something always went wrong at the last minute—until 1939. This spring she won the Hampshire championship, playing really first-class golf, seemed inspired with fresh confidence and excellence in the short game as well as keeping up the length which had always been hers; did fine work in county matches and only, so said many supporters, failed to do any good in the Open because she did not go to Portrush. Probably she was thinking of other things, for the engagement really took place last summer, though it is only the war which has hastened the wedding.

***Peggy Edwards**, winner of the "Bystander" Girls' Championship in 1936 and runner-up in 1937 (to Lally Vagliano), now drives a full-size lorry which has been converted into an ambulance. Hers is a black-out shift, 7 to 11 p.m.*

ANOTHER activity of the golfers the last few weeks has been to make really splendid contributions to the funds of the P.D.S.A. Actually, it was I who held the pistol at their head, suggesting that some of them were getting pay instead of expending vast sums on the autumn golfing season, and even now I am an entirely unrepentant highwayman, for three good reasons.

The first is that the P.D.S.A., besides all its never-ending work for the animals of poor people, costers, small traders and the like, has also added calls and responsibilities as a cog in the great wheel of N.A.R.P.A.C., under which initials all the big societies for the care and protection of animals are combining for the temporary purposes of war and particularly air raid necessities.

The second reason for my impenitence is that the golfers have responded so generously that the very next pound which comes in will put the amount up to £50.

And the third is that it has been such an enormous pleasure to hear from all these friends of mine. I don't even hope to answer them all individually in due course: the thing is impossible, when half of Saturday and all of Sunday is the only free time of the week for me, unless you think that a train which is certainly swaying and possibly blacked-out is a reasonable place for letter writing. Some who have apologised for sending small amounts because of other war calls on them, seem to me to have sent extraordinarily generously, and almost made me feel I was a heartless robber to beg for anything at all.

I WONDER if they had any idea how much pleasure those letters would give? One day it would be a Scottish championship runner-up describing her sight of a German 'plane fired at over the Firth of Forth—with a nonchalance which suggested that golfers don't care one rap what Hitler tries to do; there was the last pre-war Girl champion, who is now waiting to help at a private house which has been turned into a hospital; there were golfers with refugees; golfers driving ambulances, serving in the A.T.S., A.R.P., A.F.S., doing everything, in fact, right through the alphabet. Even if news were nil, the very addresses at the top of the letters were in themselves a tonic.

Mrs. Elliott (Miss Doreen Snook), for example, wrote from Borrodale Castle, Acharacle. Where had I seen that name? In a flash there came back to me recollection of an ancient little bus, hurtling round the corners of the Ardgour peninsula, labelled Acharacle. We had been ferried across Loch Linnhe from Nether Lochaber by two perfect Highland gentlemen; there had been a seal diving on one side of the ferry-boat, black guillemots the other. We had wandered on foot westward, past little white-washed crofters' cottages with orderly potato patches, and sturdy black calves tethered beside them, to Sulachan Bay. The tide was low. Tawny seaweed made a vivid foreground for the everlasting hills of the glen, where light and shade played hide and seek from under the clouds. That remembrance alone was repayment many times over for a few hours spent in signing letters.

***Miss Alice Marble** has taken up golf seriously, and is having lessons from Carles Lacey, the professional at Hillcrest Club, Los Angeles. He is as enthusiastic about her future as a golfer as she is about the game. She already hits a 200-yard drive pretty regularly*

***Miss Beryl Pockett**, who made her International debut for England this year at Portrush, is now an officer in the W.R.A.F. Her home club of Worthing have given her full membership as holding a commission in H.M. Forces*

Miss Helme's next article will appear on December 13th.

The Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow drove in a State carriage, with a Viceroy's Bodyguard, away from the church

The Viceroy's Daughter Marries a Sailor

Lieutenant Patrick Southby and Lady Anne Hope had a Tremendous New Delhi Wedding

Lieut. Patrick Henry James Southby, R.N., younger son of Commander Sir Archibald Southby, M.P., and Lady Southby, of Burford Priory, Oxon, and Lady Anne Adeline Hope, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, were married on November 6th at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi. Lady Anne Hope's two sisters, Lady Joan and Lady Doreen Hope, were bridesmaids, dressed in ice-blue chiffon to match her ice-blue satin. There were also six child attendants. In attendance, first on the Viceroy and his daughter as they drove in State to the church, and then on the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow on the return journey (above), were Lieut.-Colonel B. M. Mahon, Military Secretary, and F. H. G. Bridgeman, A.D.C.-in-Waiting. Two thousand guests, including Maharajas, Nawabs, and high officials, were received in the Moghul Garden at the Viceroy's House, among roses, zinnias, and godetias, with the Viceroy's orchestra and a regimental band playing. The C.-in-C., General Sir Robert Cassels, proposed the bride and bridegroom's health. In the evening a bala khana and display of fireworks were given to the staff of the Viceregal Estates, and a feast was provided by the Viceroy for 5000 poor people of Delhi

The bride and bridegroom prepare to receive 2000 guests in the Moghul Garden

"Bystander" Short Story

Nobody Loves a Fairy

By William Templeton

Illustration by Clark Fay

THISBE BOXTON stood in the wings and thought how shabby the tinsel on her wand had become.

Tommy Tompkins, the pantomime dame, passed her on his way to his dressing-room. "How are we to-night, dearie?" he asked, and wagged a roguish finger at her.

Thisbe straightened the star in her hair. "Awful," she thought, "how a pantomime dame begins to speak and act like one off-stage when he's been in a show for several weeks."

She had seen the same thing happen again and again. Her first husband, an attractive, gentlemanly man when she married him, had played a gangster in a West End success which ran for eighteen months, and she had divorced him for cruelty a year later. Since then he had been in prison three times. It was the penalty of being a conscientious actor: one thought oneself into the parts.

In pantomime the gradual change was even more evident, the characters were so much larger than life that it was almost inevitable that they should affect the personalities of their portrayers.

For some years Thisbe had watched principal boys grow more and more hearty as night succeeded night, and principal girls more winsome. In the stage advertising quarterly her name and photograph appeared with a list of her previous engagements: Fairy Snowdrop, *Babes in the Wood* Pantomime, 1933-34; Fairy Cobweb, *Jack and the Beanstalk* Pantomime, 1934-35; Fairy Buttercup, *Little Red Riding Hood* Pantomime, 1935-36; Fairy Sunbeam, *Robinson Crusoe* Pantomime, 1936-37; Fairy Firefly, *Sinbad the Sailor* Pantomime, 1937-38; and in the next issue would be added Fairy Moonlight, *Aladdin* Pantomime, 1938-39.

The principal girl had just finished singing "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," and the troupe of twelve blondes, attired for a picnic in dresses which descended to their heels at the back and finished abruptly at their thighs in front, arms linked, were beating out one of their dance routines.

A man in the front row leaned across to his wife and said: "I'm glad we brought the children to this."

Thisbe watched the girls prance into the wings, their artificial smiles switched off one by one as each of them passed the proscenium arch. She could see the demon king lounging in the prompt corner. There was applause, swelling as the curtain rose again, and the girls ran on to take their bow. The demon king stepped into a green spotlight at his side of the stage and began to recite:

"Ha-ha! A picnic to the woods is planned.
They little know that I will take a hand.
We'll see if this upstart Aladdin's brave
When he is lost within the magic cave."

Thisbe listened attentively to the hackneyed rigmarole. The speaker was her husband. Some of the girls had lingered. He was friendly with most of them. He turned and, under cover of his cloak, smiled across to the wings, and she knew, without turning her head, that the girl with the red hair and the dark eyes was standing behind her.

The second comedian stifled a laugh and she traced a pattern on the boards with her toe, pretending she had not heard. She felt very sad. She had forgiven her husband many things; he had no need to humiliate her before the rest of the company. She fluffed out her white ballet skirt and held the wand aloft, awaiting her cue.

"And while these lovers pass their time in dreams,
I'll go and pave the way to wreck their schemes,"

said the demon king, and she stepped into the white spotlight to parry his wickedness.

"Attempt your mischief, demon, if you dare:
These lovers are in Fairy Moonlight's care."

For three seasons now they had faced one another like this, good and evil, and each year she had felt they were drifting further apart, until the conflict between them was real.

"Your unkind plans to part these two will fail,
For while I guard them evil shan't prevail."

When she had tripped again into the wings, the second comedian, who was awaiting his entrance in the next scene, said, "Are all lovers in your care, Fairy Moonlight?", and grinned at her.

SHE went to her dressing-room and sat before the mirror looking at herself. The ring of naked electric bulbs was unkind. She dabbed away the moisture at the corner of her eyes, and re-dusted her face with powder.

Aimlessly she moved the little bottles on her make-up table. Sticks of grease-paint were strewn haphazard on the cloth, a towel streaked with their colours over them. Clothes and oddments of cloth were scattered about the room. She was a shockingly untidy person.

She heard a sound behind her and saw in the mirror that her husband had entered and was standing with his back against the door. She knew by the way he stood that he was slightly drunk. It was his usual condition nowadays. No one complained about it as it made his voice resonant, his expression more demoniacal.

"Well," he said, "we finish at the end of the week. The notice is on the board."

"I know," she said, patting her hair and watching him through the mirror. He tossed a penny in his hand and failed to catch it. She listened to it rolling away under the wash-basin. "I'll make you a present of it," he said, and waved his hand. "I'm afraid it's the last present I'll give you, Thisbe. Just like that. We're pretty well finished, too, aren't we? We could both do better for ourselves, don't you think?"

"The redhead?" she asked.

"How did you guess?"

The call-boy banged on the door, and she rose and turned before the mirror.

"You're O.K.", he told her.

She walked down the passage to the wings and began to climb the ladder to the bridge over the proscenium. This was her big scene. Standing on a carpet, she was lowered down to the stage in time to foil the demon king's latest villainy. She walked on to the carpet and stood ready, smoothing down her satin corsage. She could hear voices rising from below—the voice of Aladdin and then the voice of her husband.

There was trouble on the bridge. "George!" one of the hands called. "Find Markham! Quick, for God's sake! The wires have snapped! We'll have to cut the magic carpet scene. You've only got half a dozen lines to warn him."

(Concluded on page iv)

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Little Man's Busy Day

By V. S. Pritchett

THE band plays, the curtain goes bumping up and the knockabout begins. That is Mr. Priestley's new novel, *Let the People Sing* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is the knockabout of hard-pressed, badly fed, ugly, lower middle-class England whose seamy life—so ludicrously at odds with its romantic hopes—has always been the main dish of the music halls. The only trouble, in Mr. Priestley's view, is that, squashed by the "upper middles" who have ceased to care for English liberty and ironed out flat by the mass producers, Bédaux-men and the new vested interests, the "lower middles" are in danger of losing the heroic virtues of the Little Man. And Mr. Priestley, who is rather sensible about the vulgar, dispirited, pseudo-aristocratic illusions of the "upper middles," seems to me rather credulous about the heroic character of the Little Man. But, of course, we are a sentimental nation; sentiment and the jolly rough-and-tumble stuff are the characteristic of music hall, our one surviving popular art; and if Mr. Priestley is our leading sentimentalist, he has the shrewdness which goes with the trait so often and he is the only sentimentalist who gets about provincial England and puts that pathetic jerry-built agglomeration very realistically upon paper. Under the happy jam of his entertainments is always a particularly topical pill.

As usual, in this vein of Mr. Priestley's, it is the stage stuff which is the best. Timmy Tiverton, out-of-date comedian, is the super Little Man. Like another Charlie Chaplin, his innocence and failure bring him trouble and fantastic adventure at once. One moment he is dozing off his troubles on a park seat, the next a young fugitive of the I.R.A. has swopped bags with him and Timmy Tiverton finds he is the owner of a bomb, which he very naturally throws away as soon as possible, thereby blowing up the statue of one of the town's more repellent municipal worthies. During his escape he falls in with a Czech refugee, a professor who is hiding in the guard's van of the train and, by ingenious devices—for Mr. Priestley has considerable invention—they end up, of course, with a concert party. It is this concert party which brings shudders to the genteel section of the moribund town of Dunsbury (a pure piece of Stan Baldwin England, but with the "Trust me" look taken off its face) and revolutionary feelings to the snubbed, Bédaux-driven and non-genteel. There is a riot in both the theatrical and political sense of the word.

The Spaniards are once said to have sung their oppressors out of office, but I never heard the English getting anything done by whoopee. People get laughed at in office in England, and the more we laugh the longer they stay: and my reading of English history is that the last time something energetic was done in England, the people who did it pulled down the Maypoles and were called by names like "He-shall-bind-His-Enemies-in-Chains-of-Iron Brown" and "Praise-God Smith." I don't believe that Dickens shattered evils by laughing at them; his method was to create a nightmare of pity, guilt and horror; not to let the people sing, but to make their consciences hurt like gout.

Nobel Prize-Winner

Frans Eemil Sillanpää, the Finnish novelist of peasant life, has been awarded the 1939 Nobel Prize for Literature by the Swedish Academy of Letters. He was first a candidate in 1933. His success this year, when sympathy for Finland is so intensely felt in Sweden, is almost as popular among the Swedes as among his own countrymen

The good things in Mr. Priestley are his ear for dialogue, his gift for caricature (here his mannish woman doctor is a fresh figure), his sardonic eye for topical follies and his rampageous invention.

MR. A. G. MACDONELL, who shares Mr. Priestley's political indignations, and gives them a rougher edge, is a gifted hater. *Flight from a Lady* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the story of an anti-goodwill flight, told in the letters of a young man who has chartered an aeroplane and is taunting the lady who has enslaved him as, at last, he escapes from her. So the minnow would spout boastfully like a whale, once he had got safely out of reach of the octopus. The hearty insults of these letters cover a wide field, for the lady, fortunately, was an uninstructed blonde, vulnerable in nothing so much as general knowledge. He could taunt her with his views about Napoleon, he could bludgeon her with her ignorance of Greece, he could blast her with comparisons between her treatment of him at the Ritz and the Fascist terrors at Dachau and Lipari. Having suffered the longings of a fool, he felt that he was entitled to enjoy an uninhibited fling as a cad. Looking down from his aeroplane as he flew eastward, he could see very few places which did not remind him of some tragic failure to defend human liberty, or the success of some unpleasant thug. Here he is over Iraq:

> Out of the Arabian, or Irakian or Persian, owners of the oil, and out of the British, or American or Dutch concessionaries and out of the bondholders, and preference share holders and ordinary shareholders—who, who—I ask you—who are the modern Forty Thieves?

Ali Baba gets nothing out of it. And this letter has the usual parting shot for the detestable lady:

> Did you know that the Garden of Eden was in Mesopotamia? There was another sweet girl for you.

Receiving new verses of this discursive Hymn of Hate nearly every day, the fortunate lady, must have noted with satisfaction the return of familiar symptoms. Timing her moment with the trained instinct of the *dompteuse* she cracked her whip. Back comes the cable at once: "Meet me Savoy Grill. . . ." Man was born free and everywhere we see him longing for more chains.

"FIESTA IN MANHATTAN," by Charles Kaufman (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is the story of an innocent couple of Mexican Indians, a young peasant and his wife, who are persuaded to leave their remote village and go to New York. Their temptress is an American woman journalist out for publicity and after she has used the wretches up in two or three studio parties, she drops them and leaves them to sink or swim. What follows bruises the mind and heart without leaving any true tragic feeling. Only bewilderment. Juan, the husband, finds himself in the Spanish slum colony, among immigrants who have been similarly left to the swindle of American life. They drift between working in sweat shops and on the edge of crime. The book is respectably written and has many vivid people in a small way; but the author is so evidently outside the two people, despite conscientious attempts to get inside them, that when the whole wretched business ends in a murder one is left unmoved and irritated. Still, Mr. Kaufman has done a true picture of a neglected side of New York life and has caught its pathos. It is something, among so much journalism disguised as novel writing, to come upon an attempt at the real thing and with an unusual subject.

NOVELS for the library list:

John Armson. Edward Thompson (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

The Best Short Stories 1939. Edited by E. J. O'Brien (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

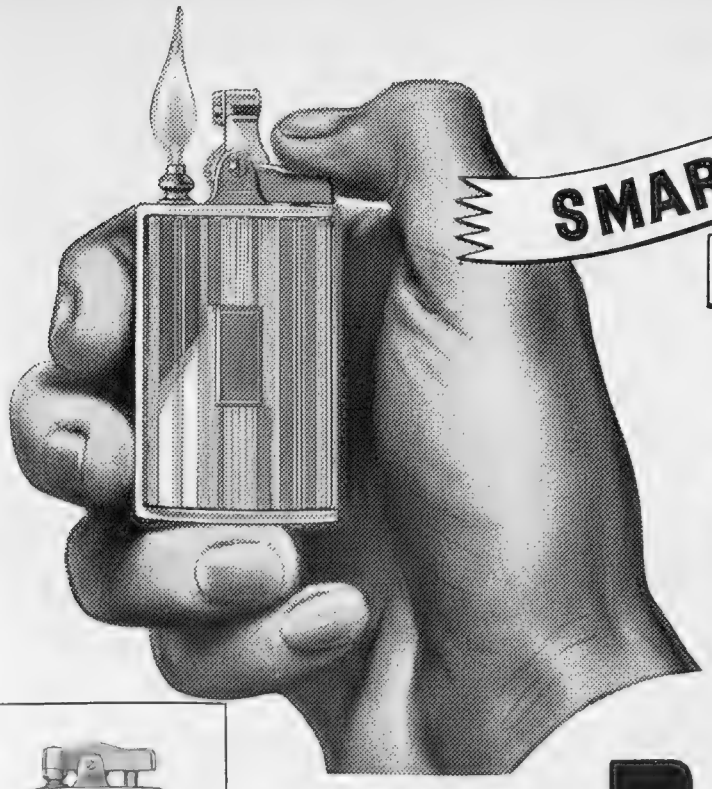
Wild Geese Overhead. Neil M. Gunn (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Lightning Flash. Margaret O'Leary (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

The Blood of the Martyrs. By Naomi Mitchison (Constable; 8*s.* 6*d.*).

What's in It For Me. By Jerome Weidman (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*).

Wickford Point. By John P. Marquand (Hale; 8*s.* 6*d.*)



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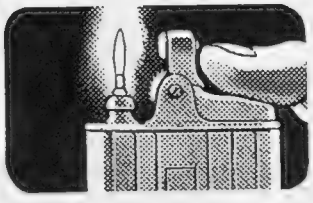
QUICK'S THE ACTION



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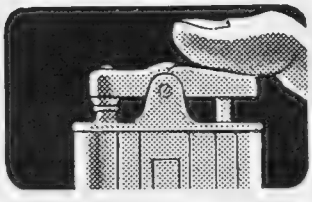

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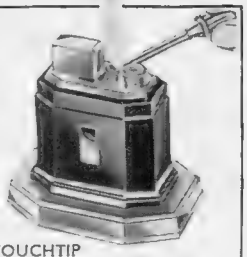

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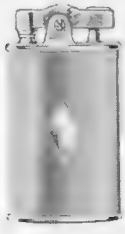

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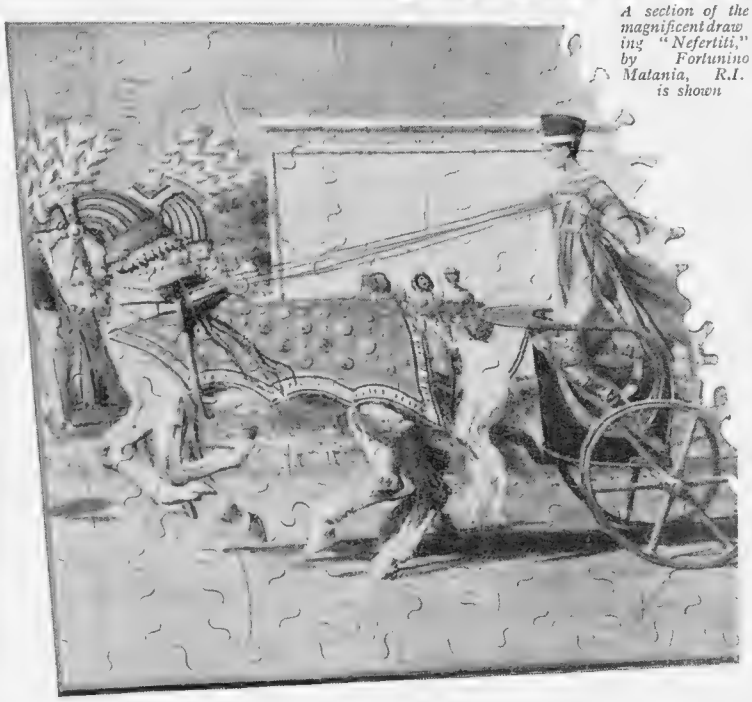

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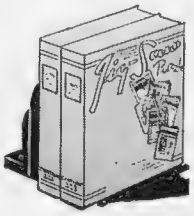

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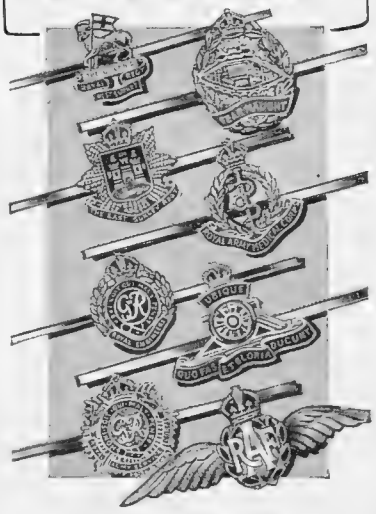

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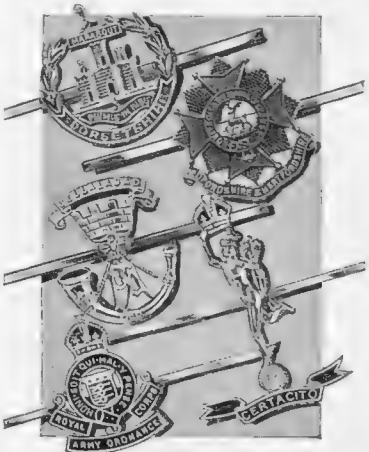

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Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

At the time of writing, it looks as though the war may start any day now, and it is quite possible that some of us may be out motoring when an air raid warning is given, so a little consideration of the potentialities of such a combination of events is, perhaps, appropriate. In the first place, however personally reckless you may be, do not complicate the work of the A.R.P. and A.F.S. folk by following a not unnatural inclination to ignore the whole thing and push on towards your destination. By doing so you may endanger your own life. That doesn't matter. But you may endanger also the lives of others and that matters very much indeed.

Park your car considerately. Do not leave it too adjacent to a fire point or hydrant, nor where it is likely to impede official vehicles on air raid duty and, above all, don't leave it where it can possibly prove an obstacle to rapid entry to or departure from an air raid shelter. Having parked your car strategically, open all the windows and shut the screen and sliding roof. See that all the doors are unlocked and do not remove the ignition key. See that the hand brake is hard on, but—unless the car is left on a gradient—do not leave it in gear. If it should be dark, or nearing dusk, leave your side-lights and tail-lamp on only, but be sure you *do* leave them on. When you get out of your car, restrain that natural impulse to hang about and watch what is going on. I know it 's frightfully interesting and you are oh ! so brave, but if you loiter in the open you 'll certainly get in the way. Take your gas-mask and scramble into the nearest air raid shelter without delay. Oh, yes—I know your theory about " If there 's a bomb with your name on it, it will find you no matter where you are. . . ." but don't forget there may be one inscribed " To whom it may concern " !

If you are driving and absolutely *must* push on because of a matter of such life-and-death urgency that it simply will not be denied, then remember that at such a time an extra caution is necessary. Pedestrians and other road-users will be excusably preoccupied and the onus of avoiding an accident will be more than ever yours. Above all, this is the case if it becomes necessary to drive whilst wearing your respirator ; do not forget that your own range of vision and that of other road-users similarly masked is appreciably restricted. This is another reason for exercise of additional care.

You may find that the eye-piece of your gas-mask exhibits a tendency to steam-up. If this is so, a useful tip is to smear ordinary washing soap on the inside of the eye-piece, but not so thickly as to destroy its transparency. Finally, when the " All Clear " signal comes, remember that a certain congestion of the roads is bound to ensue.

Have you heard of " The Sporting Wash ? " I thought I knew most of the stunts of the motor trade, but I confess I had never heard of this particular one until I encountered it at the Pearce Service Garage in Birmingham last week. The scheme is this. If you are leaving your car for any length of time—overnight, or whilst attending the theatre, for instance—and if the garage washer is not already full up with work, they will wash your car for you on the understanding that if it is raining or the roads are muddy when you call back for it, no charge is made ; whereas if the streets are dry you pay the usual rate, according to the size of the car.

What an admirable arrangement ! To the motorist who particularly wants it to keep fine (and what motorist, normally, doesn't ?) it is a sort of Heads-I-Win-Tails-You-Lose Pluvius Policy. From the garage point of view—Pearce's is an All-Night Service Garage—the men are going to be on duty anyway, and might just as well be given something to do.

This, assuredly, is one of those instances where a really bright idea " comes off "—thanks to the long-sighted policy of the firm operating it.

With petrol now at its highest retail price for nearly twenty years, the history since the Great War of the price of this precious fluid assumes an added interest. The new price of 1s. 9½d. per gallon is just the odd halfpenny per gallon more than the price was in January 1914. During the Great War it fluctuated little and maintained an average of about 2s. 3d. per gallon, reaching its peak of 3s. 8½d. per gallon in May 1918. Then, in August 1920, it touched the highest price to which it has ever soared—4s. 3½d. per gallon !

In April 1928, petrol was down to 1s. 0½d. per gallon, while in September 1932 it rose again to 1s. 7½d. In May 1933 it had again fallen, the reduced price being 1s. 5d.

When Pool was introduced, the round figure of 1s. 6d. was standardised, but last month this was advanced by 2d. and now, at 1s. 9½d., it is still on the upward trend. I don't want to appear too depressing, but I still think we shall see it being sold at a vastly higher price.

Nobody Loves a Fairy

(*Continued from page 270*)

A panting stage-hand found the stage-manager in the shadows of the wings. " Can't do the magic carpet to-night ! " he gasped.

" What are you talking about ? " asked Markham without taking his eyes from the stage.

" The magic carpet scene 'll have to be cut. The wires are broken."

" You 're too late," said the stage-manager laconically.

George gaped at the stage. The magic carpet was drifting slowly down through the air, and on it Thisbe was repeating :

" My friend, Aladdin, need not be afraid,
I 've brought the magic carpet to his aid."

" But the wires are broken ! " repeated George incredulously.

" She seems to have managed it without breaking her neck," said the stage-manager.

At the next interval he crossed and examined the carpet. There was no sign of any supporting wire. He called up into the flies : " Harry, was everything all right ? "

" No ! " a voice came back. " I sent George down to tell you the wires had snapped."

The stage-manager scratched his head. Scenery was being pushed into position. Someone passed in front of him, rolled up the carpet and carried it away. The girls began to take their places for the next scene.

Thisbe passed the second comedian in the passage. " Some day you 're going to bust the wires that hold that carpet," he said. One of the blondes laughed as she ran past them on to the stage.

The audience continued to follow the story with evident enjoyment. The demon king had enlisted the aid of the second comedian, and his nefarious plans were on the point of succeeding. But the good fairy arrived just in time, and retribution was upon them.

Thisbe turned disdainfully to the cowering second comedian and said :

" And as for you, ignoble-hearted bumpkin
I 'll wave my wand and change you to a pumpkin."

Whereupon she waved her wand.

George, the stage-hand, was peering down from the bridge. " My God ! " he gasped.

" What is it now ? " asked his companion.

" She 's changed him into a pumpkin ! "

" Haven't you seen this pantomime before ? "

" All right. All right. But Renton has gone altogether and the pumpkin is real."

" It looks real from the front, too," said his companion scornfully.

The audience had received this bit of magic with loud applause. The man in the front row leaned across to his wife and said : " A good piece of stagecraft that. The children are taking it all in."

The disappearance of Renton evoked no further comment. It was presumed that he had vanished through the trap-door and was lingering beneath the stage until his last entrance in the finale.

It was not until she had turned the twelve blondes into a troupe of white mice that Thisbe herself began to realise what had happened.

" My God ! " said George, peering down. " She 's turned the girls into mice ! There soon won't be anyone left for the finale ! "

" Come and look after this switchboard," said his companion.

Thisbe, being kindhearted, hastened to change the mice to blondes again, all except two which had disappeared into the orchestra-pit.

The stage-manager watched her as she rushed about behind the stage with her wand. There was something odd about her to-night, but he was undecided what. He watched her dust some fluff from her skirt, and near her, from behind a property couch, where Thisbe had cornered the tenth mouse, one of the blondes crawled out on her hands and knees.

" What 's wrong with everyone to-night ? " he shouted. " Thisbe ! "

She crossed to him and said, " Yes, Mr. Markham ? "

" You haven't been drinking, have you ? " He had once had a fairy who hiccoughed every time she raised her wand.

" No, of course not," said Thisbe.

" What was that girl doing crawling about behind the couch ? "

" Maybe she 's been drinking."

" All right. I 'll speak to her myself afterwards. Next scene."

Thisbe faced her husband for the last time and repeated rather breathlessly :

" Begone with all your craven-hearted legions,
And dwell for ever in the nether regions."

The demon king vanished.

Thisbe had gone to her room to rest when the stage-manager knocked sharply and entered. " Everyone on for the finale," he said. " We 've lost your husband, Thisbe. Where is he ? "

She looked down at the star on her wand for a moment. " I think you 'll find that out," she said meditatively, " if you care to read the script."

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Marjorie Theodora Nation

Is the elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. C. F. Nation, R.E., and Mrs. Nation, of Rushbrooke, Wonersh, Surrey. She is engaged to Captain Vincent Shore Baily, Somerset Light Infantry, younger son of the late H. H. Baily, and Mrs. Baily, of Bournemouth

Pearl Freeman

June Coverdale

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coverdale, of 24, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, and is engaged to Basil Dunsford Dottridge, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Dottridge, of Rosemary, Purley, Surrey. Her father was a Rugger International, and is now on the Selection Committee

Harlip

Rosemary Elizabeth Watson

Is engaged to Hedley St. George Bond, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Captain H. St. G. Bond, of Toronto, and Mrs. West, of Galmpton, Devon. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Watson, of 38, Smith Terrace, S.W.3

Bassano

Angela Manners

Is engaged to Lieut. Hugh Cartwright, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cartwright, of Chantry, Looe, Cornwall. She is the only daughter of Rear-Admiral Errol Manners, of Haddon, Alverstoke, Hants.

Pearl Freeman

Mercedes Brand

Another October engagement was that of Mercedes ("Peter") Brand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Brand, of Harecombe, Crowborough, Sussex, and Lieut. Robert Walker Hughes, R.N., son of the late Surgeon-Captain Robert Hughes, R.N., and Mrs. Hughes

Pearl Freeman

Carol Cockayne

Is engaged to Charles Thomas Digby-Jones, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. Digby-Jones, of the Corner House, Midhope Road, Woking, Surrey. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. I. Cockayne, of the Green, Richmond, Surrey

Kathleen Mary Ayre

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Ayre, of Drumlarig, Burntisland, Fife. She is engaged to Harry Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Allen, of Sunningdale, Kircaldy

Lenare

Beatrice Naomi Barber

Announced her engagement in October to Flight-Lieut. Charles Robert David Stewart, son of the late Sqn.-Ldr. H. Stewart, and Mrs. C. Curtis. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. T. P. Barber, of Lamb Close, Eastwood, Notts

Pearl Freeman

Ruth Hardy

Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Hardy, of Sandling Park, Hythe, Kent. She announced her engagement six weeks ago to Captain Charles R. Tuff, the Buffs, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tuff, of Norrard, Godwyn Road, Folkestone

Pearl Freeman

Sheila Mary Terry

Is the elder daughter of the late J. E. Harold Terry, and Mrs. Terry, of Luccombe Hill, Shanklin, I.O.W. She will be married in the New Year to Anthony Barker, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Barker, of Mount House, Brasted, Kent

Catherine Bell

Dorothy Reade

Dorothy Nora Macleod ("Jimmy") Reade, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Reade, of Frome Vauchurch, Maiden Newton, Dorset, is engaged to Lieut. Reginald (Bob) Whinney, R.N., elder son of Major and Mrs. Whinney, of 33, Williams Mews, S.W.1

(Continued on pages B and C)

Getting Married *(Continued from page A)*

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. M. A. X. Cochemé

Pamela Cosgrave, eldest daughter of Sir William and Lady Cosgrave, of Cross Farm, Ninfield, Sussex, was married at the end of October to Dr. M. A. X. Cochemé, younger son of the late A. E. Cochemé and Mme. Castelain, of Aix-en-Provence

Lenare

Mrs. Clerke Brown

Adelaide Butler was married on November 18th to John Henry Charles Clerke Brown, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clerke Brown, of Kingston Blount, Oxford. She is the younger daughter of the late Major A. H. Butler, and Mrs. Butler, of Tackley, Oxford

Lenare

Mrs. Peter Fane

Diana Hodgkinson, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hodgkinson, of Drybrook Lodge, Cholderton, Wilts., was married on October 31st to Peter Fane, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fane, of Moreland House, Wheatley, Oxon

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. E. C. Hohler

Mary Alice Olga Sofia Jane Lane married Edward Christopher Hohler on Nov. 14th. She is the daughter of Sq.-Leader R. C. Lane, of Glebe Manor, Havant, Hants., and the late Mrs. Lane. He is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Hohler, and Mrs. Stanley Barry, of Long Crendon Manor, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Morgan — Danby

Clement Yorke Morgan, Sub-Warden of Radley College, and Sheila Anne Danby, elder daughter of the late C. J. Danby, and Mrs. Danby, of Nutfield Lodge, Redhill, Surrey, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Nash — Adam

Major Llewellyn C. M. Nash, R.A., son of the late Colonel L. T. Nash, and Mrs. Nash, of Richmond, Surrey, and Janet Adam, daughter of Sir James and Lady Adam, of Colne Park, Earls Colne, Essex, were married at Southwark Cathedral

Malfroy — Gordon

Camille Malfroy and Sybil Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gordon, of Bordersmead, Loughton, Essex, were married at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Square. He was junior tennis champion of New Zealand and a Cambridge tennis Blue, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Malfroy, of Wellington, N.Z.

Adams — Brandon

Frank G. Adams, only child of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Adams, of Winchmore Hill, and Joan Brandon, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. V. R. Brandon, of 33, Argyll Road, W.8, were married at Chelsea Old Church. A guest was Captain Franz von Rintelen, who was responsible for Captain Brandon's capture and imprisonment for naval espionage in Germany in 1910

Farquhar — Bisset

Sqdn.-Leader A. D. Farquhar, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Farquhar, of Bridge of Weir, and Barbara Bisset, daughter of the late Alan Bisset, and Mrs. Burbet, were married at Dirleton Church, near North Berwick. The bridesmaid was Evelyn Coats, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Coats, of Corsebar, Paisley. The best man was M. G. Nimmo, son of the late Sir Adam Nimmo

Rankine-Andrew — Herbert

John Rankine-Andrew, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Rankine-Andrew, of Nether Auchendrane Alloway, Ayrshire, and Elizabeth Colthurst Herbert, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. C. Herbert, of Hazelton Manor, Rodmarton, Glos., were married at Rodmarton Church

Barlow — Turnbull

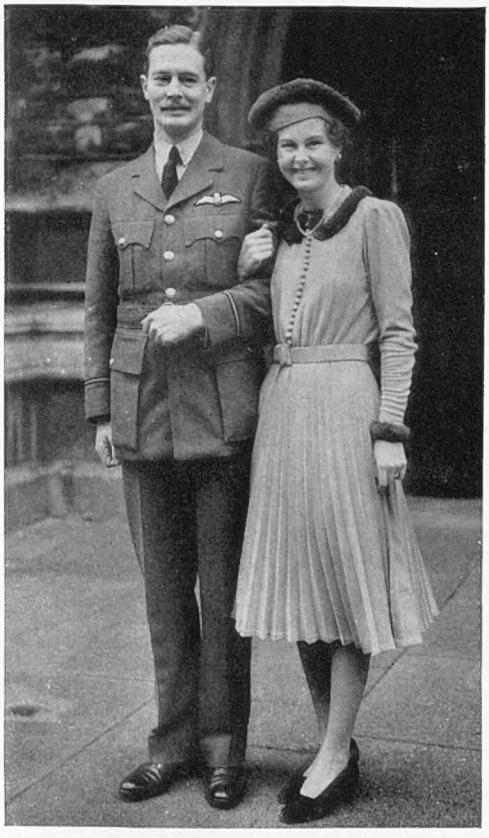
Captain H. N. Barlow, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. N. B. Barlow, and Bettine Turnbull, daughter of the late Col. J. A. Turnbull, and Mrs. Turnbull, of North Curry, Taunton, Somerset, were married at the Garrison Church of St. Mary's, Taunton

Bird — Phelps

Fraser Stephen Bird, R.A., and Diana Jean Phelps were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bird, of Shandon Lodge, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and the Cellars, Harlyn Bay, Cornwall. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Phelps, of Wildwood, Northwood, Middlesex

Wilson — Cairn

T. A. Wilson, son of the late A. C. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, of Lanark, and Ruth Cairn, daughter of the late Edward Cairn, and the Hon. Mrs. Stratford Tollemache, of Bentley Manor, Ipswich, and 5, Chesham Street, S.W.1, were married at St. Mary's, Barnes

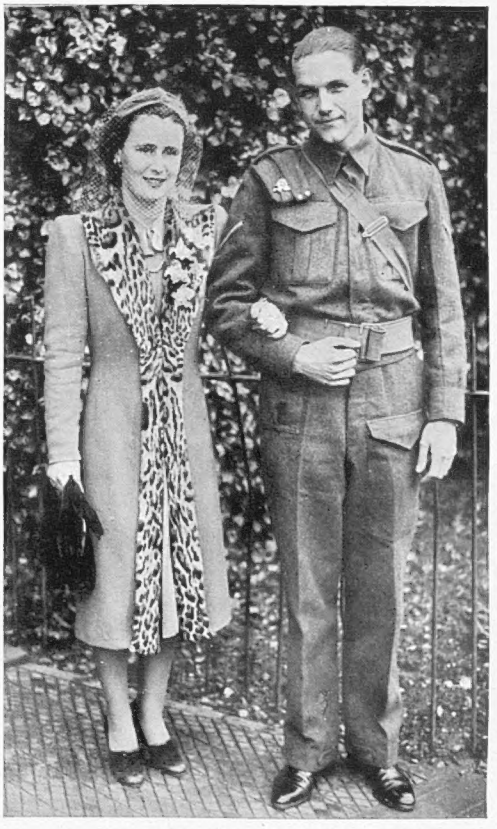


Bonsey — Whitbread

Flying Officer Bruce Bonsey, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bonsey, of Plas Canol, Barnmouth, Wales, and Anne Whitbread, daughter of Major Robert Whitbread, of 6, Agnes Court, Porchester Terrace, W.2, and the late Mrs. Whitbread, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate

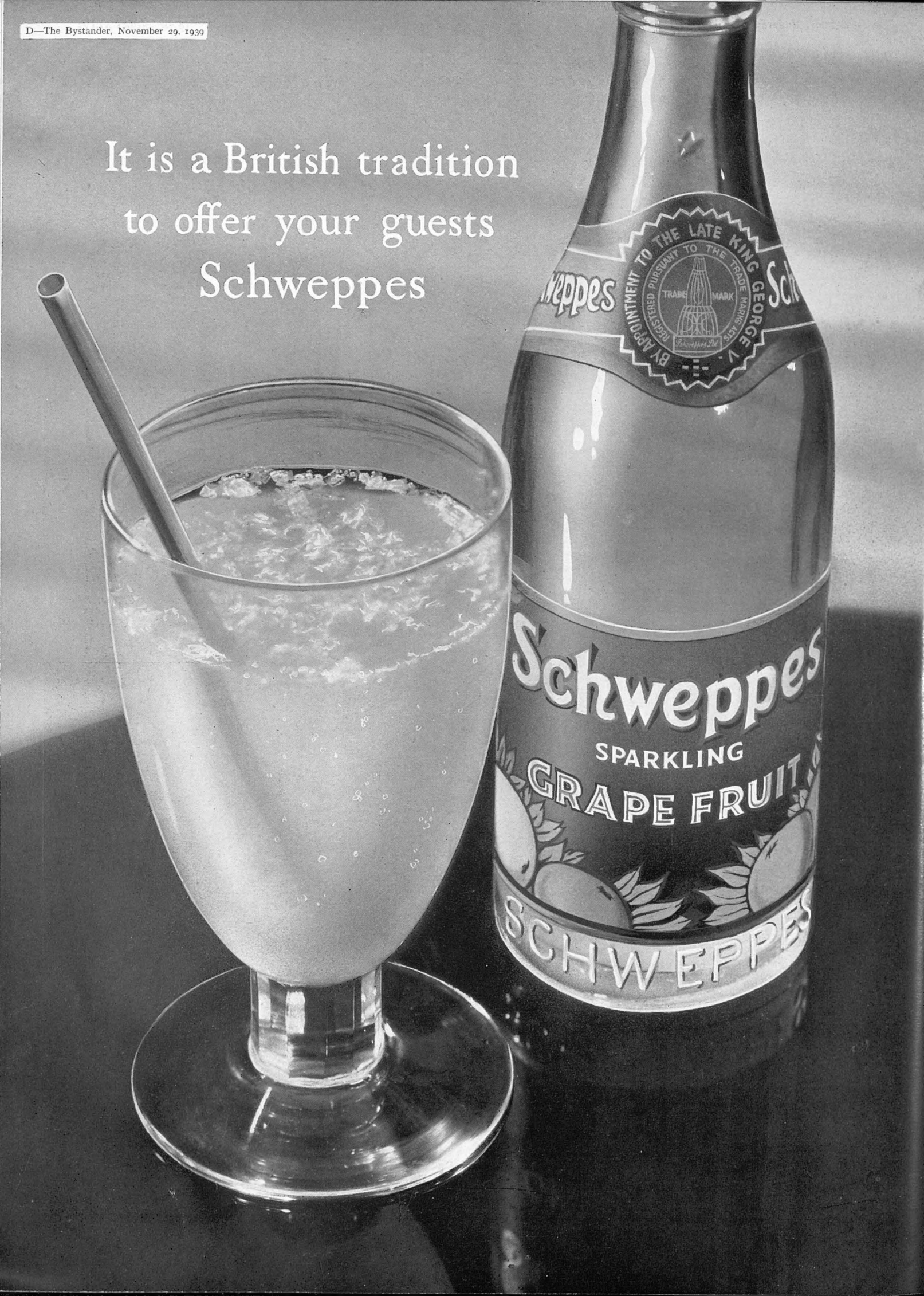
Devas — Kerr

Flight-Lieut. William G. Devas, R.A.F., son of the late Ambrose J. Devas, and Mrs. Devas, of Detling, Maidstone, Kent, and Monica Kerr, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kerr, of Rawflat, Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and a kinswoman of the Marquess of Lothian, were married at St. Mary's, Jedburgh



Currie — Talbot Baines

James Ballantyne (Hamish) Currie, younger son of Sir William and Lady Currie, of Dinton Hall, Aylesbury, Bucks., and Astra Babette Talbot Baines, elder daughter of the late Captain Matthew Talbot Baines, and Mrs. Talbot Baines, of 61, Holland Park, W.11, were married at St. George's, Tilehurst, Berks.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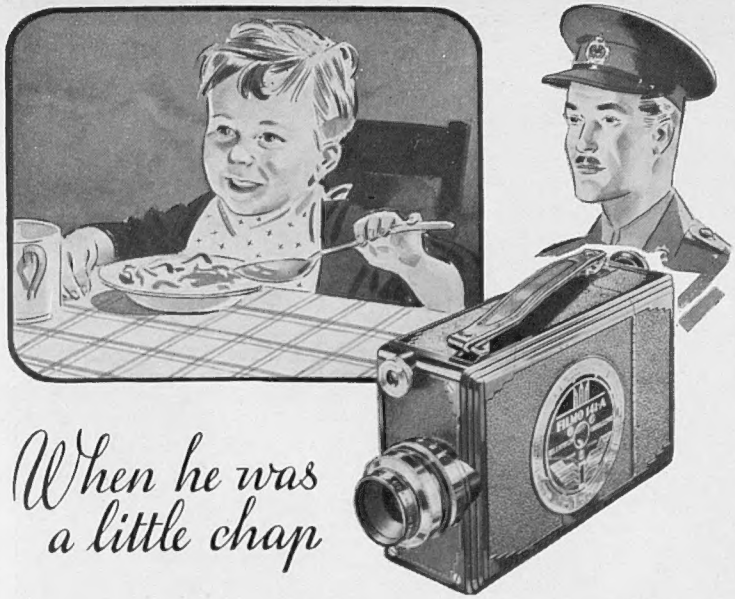

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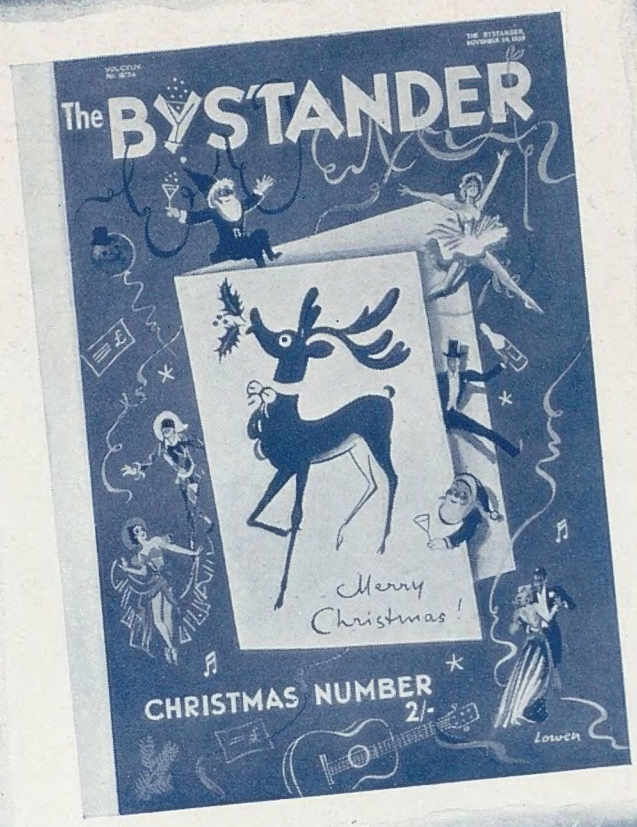

Now on SALE

The BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS NUMBER has always been full of good humour—this year it is more amusing than ever. Maurice Lane-Norcott, Nicolas Bentley, Mary Dunn, Goetz, Hewitt, Frank Ford, D'Egville, Bruce Bairnsfather, and many more, are certain to keep you chuckling. The stories are full of the Christmas spirit—here are a couple: John Collier's "Bottle Party," an amusing fantasy of a disillusioned young man who discovers a djinn—and other things in a bottle; "Poison Pen," by H. T. W. Bousfield, contains a pretty young grass widow and much malicious village gossip. The lavish colour section contains work by Doris and Anna Zinkeisen and Dame Laura Knight—names that need no introduction. Don't you think your friends—those in the Services particularly—would welcome these 88 pages of good cheer?

IT would be so unlike Christmas without THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of THE BYSTANDER for all in the house to enjoy. The next time you visit your bookstall or regular newsagent, ask for a copy to be reserved for you . . . and we have no doubt he will gladly deliver it to your home. A heavy demand is anticipated, so we venture to suggest that you act early. If your newsagent is on the phone, why not ring him now and say:

WILL YOU PLEASE BE SURE TO SEND THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE BYSTANDER"